

THE  
**A THE NEUM;**  
OR,  
**SPIRIT OF THE**  
**ENGLISH MAGAZINES.**

COMPREHENDING

ORIGINAL MISCELLANEOUS COMMUNICATIONS, ON ALL SUBJECTS.  
MORAL STORIES.  
MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT PERSONS.  
MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.  
ORIGINAL LETTERS.  
CURIOS FRAGMENTS, &c.  
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TRANSACTIONS OF LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.  
ORIGINAL POETRY.  
REMARKABLE INCIDENTS; DEATHS WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES;  
CHEMICAL AND AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENTS; &c. &c.

VOL. III.

APRIL, TO OCTOBER, 1818.

Monthly Magazines have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which in a certain degree has enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might have never appeared.—*Dr. Kippis.*

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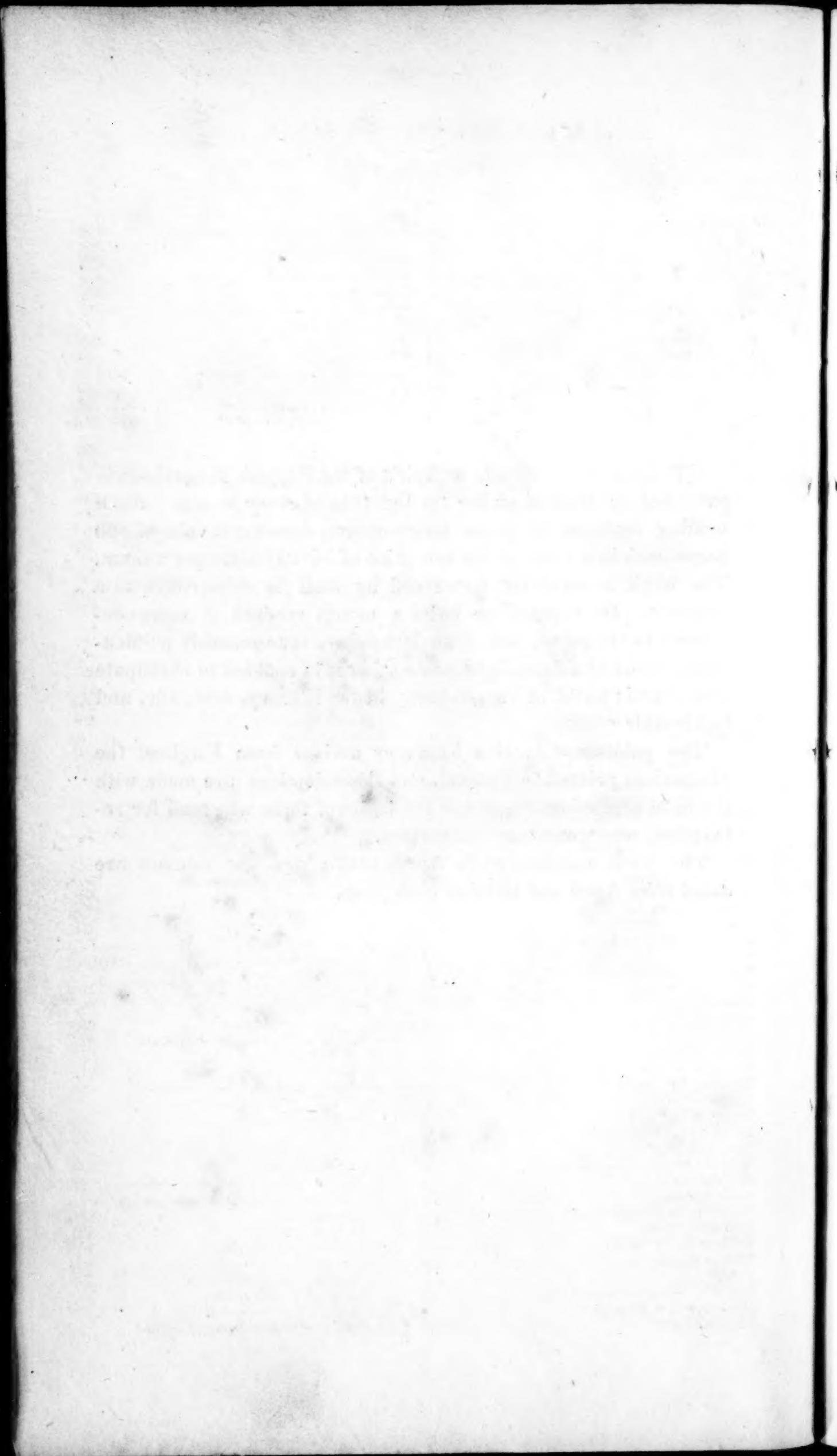
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WATERMAN'S TOWN

**THE ATHENEUM**, or Spirit of the English Magazines, is published in Boston, on the 1st and 15th of every month. Each number contains 40 pages large octavo, forming 2 vols. of 500 pages each in a year, at the low price of Five Dollars per annum. The work is regularly forwarded by mail to subscribers at a distance. Its appearance twice a month renders it more convenient to transport, and with less delay, than monthly publications, whilst by this mode of publication it is enabled to anticipate whatever is novel or entertaining in the literary, scientific, and fashionable world.

The publishers receive by every arrival from England the Magazines printed in London, and the selections are made with the most scrupulous regard to the tastes of those who read for relaxation, amusement, or instruction.

The work commenced in April, 1817; and the volumes are dated from April and October each year.



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# SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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[VOL. III.



G. K. del. Veronæ. 1816.

## TOMB OF JULIET AT VERONA.

From the Literary Gazette.

Verona, September 10, 1817.

MR. EDITOR,

THE number of foreigners who visited this city last year was very great, in consequence of which the taverns are now more numerous and better regulated. In the Cathedral and in the Church of St. Giorgio, the masterpieces of Titian and Paul Veronese, which have been brought back from Paris, are again seen in their old places. It is now the fashion here for travellers to visit the monuments and the ruined church, in which tradition lays the scene and the catastrophe of the variously-told story of Romeo and Juliet. Near the Giucodi, Pallone, before the Porta de' Borsari, in a garden, a stone sarcophagus, said to have contained Juliet when she was sup-

posed to be dead, is shown to the curious. Since the Duchess of Parma paid a visit to Juliet's tomb last year, the goldsmiths here have hit on the happy idea of setting small fragments in gold rings, which find many purchasers, particularly among the English, in honour of Shakspeare.

I inclose, for the gratification of your readers, a sketch of the sarcophagus, which, from time immemorial, has been shown at the tomb of Juliet. Any thing connected with the genius of Shakspeare, will, I am persuaded, be acceptable to the majority of your readers. I believe it is pretty well ascertained, that the immortal poet took the hint for his tragedy from the work of Girolamo della Corte, a Veronese gentleman, who published a

history of his native city, A. D. 1594, meo was asked to dance by a young woman, who presently left him, after dancing with him for a short time. He then I am able, what is stated therein, relative to the loves of Romeo and Juliet ; for I was fortunate enough to procure the work moured) : she was engaged to another of Della Corte. He says\*—

" In the year 1303, Signor Bartolomeo was mayor of the city, under whom occurred in Verona the catastrophe of two unfortunate lovers, which had its origin in the long and bloody enmities that subsisted between two opulent and noble families, the Montecchi and Capelletti, many of whom were slain on one side ; and notwithstanding that Signor Alberto had given himself much trouble to bring about a reconciliation, and much beloved by all ; but he had never could effect it, so inveterate was their mutual animosity. Signor Bartolomeo nevertheless had so far quelled it, you ;' and with these words the dance as to put an end to the duels and quarrels, which took place in the streets ; the young men gave way, and saluted the old of either party, whom they might chance to meet, who also returned the salutation. It being the carnival, and the balls and masquerades having begun, M. Antonio Capelletto, being at the head of his faction, gave a splendid entertainment, at which were present many ladies and gentlemen ; among them was one Romeo Montecchio, the handsomest and best mannered gentleman then in Verona ; he was between twenty and twenty-one years of age, and came there with some other young men in masks. After remaining some time with his mask on his face, he took it off, and seated himself in a corner, whence he saw the entertainment, and could be easily seen himself by all present. All the company wondered why he should thus set himself apart from the amusements ; since, however, he was a well-bred young gentleman, his enemies did not put him in mind how he ought to behave ; which they probably would have done had he been older. Stationed as he was there, the most beautiful young woman beyond compare present caught his eyes, and he having caught her's at the same time, they both felt a mutual and violent attachment. During the festival, they did nothing but eye each other tenderly : the banquet finished ; and the ball having begun, Romeo

of her lover, she said, ' blessed be your arrival ! ' And he, pressing her hand, replied, ' what blessing is this which you bestow on me, fair lady ? ' She, smiling, answered, ' wonder not, gentleman, that I bless your arrival, for I have been almost frozen by M. Marcurio, and you are come to warm me with your courteous manners.' (The youth, whom she Signor Alberto had given himself much trouble to bring about a reconciliation, and much beloved by all ; but he had never could effect it, so inveterate was their mutual animosity. Signor Bartolomeo nevertheless had so far quelled it, you ;' and with these words the dance as to put an end to the duels and quarrels, which took place in the streets ; the young men gave way, and saluted the old of either party, whom they might chance to meet, who also returned the salutation. It being the carnival, and the balls and masquerades having begun, M. Antonio Capelletto, being at the head of his faction, gave a splendid entertainment, at which were present many ladies and gentlemen ; among them was one Romeo Montecchio, the handsomest and best mannered gentleman then in Verona ; he was between twenty and twenty-one years of age, and came there with some other young men in masks. After remaining some time with his mask on his face, he took it off, and seated himself in a corner, whence he saw the entertainment, and could be easily seen himself by all present. All the company wondered why he should thus set himself apart from the amusements ; since, however, he was a well-bred young gentleman, his enemies did not put him in mind how he ought to behave ; which they probably would have done had he been older. Stationed as he was there, the most beautiful young woman beyond compare present caught his eyes, and he having caught her's at the same time, they both felt a mutual and violent attachment. During the festival, they did nothing but eye each other tenderly : the banquet finished ; and the ball having begun, Romeo

meo, as he left the assembly, found from one of his friends, that this young lady was the daughter of M. Antonio Capelletto ; while she discovered from her nurse, that he was Romeo Montecchio ; which, when she heard, she was very sad, despairing to win him, on account of the jealousies which subsisted between the two families. A few days afterwards it happened that Romeo, going along a certain street, where he often walked for the sake of seeing Juliet, whose windows corresponded with those of her lover, that she recognized him, by a sneeze, or some other signal which he made, and as it was moonlight, she was as easily seen by him. They interchanged vows of mutual affection ; and they finally determined to marry, happen what might. To bring the consummation of their wishes about, they had recourse to Father Lonardo of Reggio, belonging to the order of the Minors of St. Francis, who, it was agreed, should advise Romeo respecting the match. This friar was a master in Theology, a great Philosopher, Chemist, and Astrologer. He was confessor of Juliet, as well as of her mother, and often on that account visited their house ; he also was confessor to the Montecchi, and to many of the inhabitants of Verona. Romeo having arranged the whole business with the father, the latter agreed to consum-

\* Storia di Verona, lib. 10, p. 589.

† Alcune giravolte, quere waltzed ?

mate the marriage; for he thought that intentions. Juliet agreed to this plan, by this means, a reconciliation might be effected between the two families, and run a far greater risk, and having swallowed the potion at the prescribed hour, himself with Signor Bartolomeo, and all lost gradually her senses, and finally all Verona. Lent, and the time of confession motion; so that, imagined dead by all, having arrived, Juliet went with her mother to the church of St. Francesco in Cittadella, and seating herself in the confessional chair before her mother, and having replied to the usual questions, was married to Romeo, through the grating, who, with the father, stood on the other side. A few days afterwards, by means of an old woman of the house of Juliet they consummated their marriage in a very evening of the interment of Juliet, garden by night, belonging to Juliet, did not receive the message sent him by supporting themselves with the hope, that the father. The unhappy lover having Lonardo would be able to persuade their respective families to be satisfied with the match. Easter being over, while they went straight to the church of St. Francis. In the mean time, Lonardo were hoping that the father would fulfil his promise, it happened that a party of the Capelletti had a furious encounter with some of the Montecchi, near the gate of Bensari, towards Castel Vecchio. Among the Capelletti was one Tebaldo, a first cousin of Juliet's, a gallant young man, who while he was encouraging his party, behind Romeo, (who for the sake of Juliet, did all he could to put an end to the contest), made a blow at his head, which was parried by Romeo, who stabbed his adversary in the throat, and killed him on the spot. Romeo upon this fled into banishment, and he who knows what disappointed love is, may judge how bitter must have been that expedient. He retired to Mantua, for the sake of being as near as possible to his Juliet, of whom he often received accounts, through the medium of Lonardo. Juliet was now compelled to marry by her father and mother, and not knowing what part to take, she had recourse to the father Lonardo for advice, who, after long consultation, finally agreed to send her a certain powder, which, mixed with wine or any other liquor, would lull her to sleep, so as to make her appear dead; that then she should be buried, in the sepulchre belonging to her family, which was in the church of St. Francis, that he should take her out of the monument by night, to the church of St. Francis, where and that she should escape in disguise to her Romeo at Mantua, whom he would forewarn by faithful messengers of their

intended motion; so that, imagined dead by all, she was removed for burial to the cemetery of her family in the church of St. Francis. In the mean time, Romeo sent an account of all that had been done to Romeo; but he having been previously informed by some one else of the death of his Juliet, came unexpectedly to Verona, and having reached the gates of the city on the night of the interment, did not receive the message sent him by the servant, laying himself by her side, he died, just at the moment that Romeo reached the spot, to remove Juliet from the tomb. Finding the servant stretched on the ground, and Romeo dead in the tomb, motionless and horror-struck, he stood wondering how it had occurred, when Juliet, whose soporific powder had exhausted its efficacy, came to herself, and seeing Romeo dead by her side, and Lonardo and the servant hanging over him, she was all aghast at the spectacle. She presently discovered from the father, and the servant how the catastrophe had happened; was seized immediately with the strongest grief, and feeling her spirits extinguished within her, without uttering a word, fell dead in the lap of her Romeo. The next morning the calamity was speedily propagated through the city, and Signor Bartolomeo, with the intent of discovering all the circumstances which led to the unfortunate event, accompanied by many gentlemen, went to the church of St. Francis, where a great crowd was collected, attracted by the novelty of the occurrence. Here he enquired circumstantially both from Lo-

nardo and Romeo's servant, into the details of the case, and afterwards gave orders that the bodies of these unfortunate lovers should be honorably buried, which was willingly agreed to both by the Montecchi and Capelletti. Splendid obsequies took place; and with the consent of both parties, the bodies were replaced *in the same monument, which was of hewn stone, a little above ground, which I have often seen close to the well of the poor disciples of St. Francis*, while the building was raising to their order. I have conversed on this subject, with Signor Boldiero, my uncle, by whom I was shewn the scene of this catastrophe; he shewed me, besides the above mentioned tomb, a hole in the wall towards the monastery of the Capuchins, where, as he said, he had heard that many years since, this tomb was placed, and that in it were found some ashes and bones."

Such is the relation of Girolamo della Corte. Those who may take the trouble to compare it with the tragedy of Shakespeare, will no doubt remark how little the poet has deviated from what we have reason to believe are the circumstances of the true story. His Escalus, Prince of Verona, is evidently Signor Bartolomeo Scali the mayor; Marcurio, whom Juliet first danced with, the Poet giving him *rather warmer hands* than the historian, is his Paris. The name of Marcurio probably suggested, with a slight alteration of letters, the Mercutio of the poet, who acts however a very different part from Marcurio in the history. It is worthy of remark that in Act III. Sc. 1. Mercutio, who, with Shakespeare, is the friend of Romeo, uses the words "*A la stoccata*," the identical words which Della Corte uses in his description of Romeo's encounter with Tybalt: a sufficient proof to my mind that Shakespeare got hold of the original work of Della Corte; if we had no other evidence to make us think so. Montague in the Italian is Montecchio; Capulet, Capelletto; Frate Lonardo is the Friar Lawrence of the poet; and the attendant of Romeo in the history, is the Balthasar of the tragedy. Friar John appears to be one of the confidential messengers sent by Lonardo to Romeo, at Mantua. Of the female persons, Lady Montague is the only one not alluded to in the history.

This fine tragedy, which the celebrated Schlegel eloquently styles the "*funeral and apotheosis of love*," will always be deemed by the best critics, one of the choicest of our poet's productions. Perhaps it is to be regretted, that he deviated from the true story, in making Juliet stab herself. He need not have had recourse to this; for there is nothing more tragic than that poignant grief which, as soon as it seizes, kills; and which, according to *Della Corte*, threw Juliet dead in the lap of her lover. Her manner of dying in the tragedy is rather too much "after the high Roman fashion" for a delicate girl not fifteen years.

Verona has been so fully described by Maffei, that I shall not attempt to touch on its antiquities. But the genius of Shakespeare adds such an interest to every spot over which it hovered, that your readers will not accuse me of being romantic, if I attempt to describe the tomb of Juliet. I left the inn *Le Due Torre* at six in the morning, accompanied by the *Cicerone*, who, in the way, pointed out some small houses built in the time of the Capelletti: crossing the Brà, a square so called, and marked by the grand remains of the Roman amphitheatre, we soon reached the church of *San Francesco in Cittadella*, where Romeo and Juliet were married. The church is modern, built about a century ago, on the site of the old one, which was destroyed by fire.

Contiguous is a small garden, formerly attached to the Franciscan monastery, but now in private hands: in the midst of it, is an old sarcophagus, which, time immemorial has been shown as the tomb of Juliet. It is much eaten by age, and has sunk considerably into the earth. It is exactly six feet long, and is just wide enough to contain two bodies. Close to it, is the well, mentioned by Della Corte, which to me is a sufficient proof that the sarcophagus is the same as what he saw with his uncle. The serenity of the morning, and affecting catastrophe, suggested the following lines, which have no other merit than that of being composed on the spot.

Let Affection droop her head and mourn  
Disastrous love o'er tender Juliet's urn.  
Coquettes avaunt! away each simpering belle!  
Envy the lot of her who loved so well;

Who would not have exchanged her heart-felt woes  
For your ephemeral loves, and midnight shows.  
Hail, Juliet, hail ! whose pure and virgin heart  
Dared act so painful, yet so true a part !

O'er whose requited love, and early hearse,  
Great Shakspeare sheds the glory of his verse.  
Hail, Juliet, hail ! whose name is intertwined  
In the same wreath, which Fame wove for his death-  
less mind.

C. K.

## ROB ROY.

From the Literary Gazette, January 17, 1818.

**T**HIS long-looked-for novel, by the author of Waverly, Guy Manner-  
ing, and the Antiquary, has at last made its appearance ; and can we speak more highly of it than to say that it is worthy of his hand ?

We have debated with ourselves in what manner we should review this work. Were we to analyse the story, we might write an interesting article ; but would it be just towards the author, or kind towards our fair friends, who hate and detest the foreknowledge of the denouement of any book which appeals so strongly as this does to their curiosity and feelings ? No ! we will not take advantage of our rapid publication, to anticipate one of the principal enjoyments to be derived from the perusal of Rob Roy : with an abstinence deserving of all praise, we will endeavour to deliver our opinions, without encroaching upon the mysteries of the narrative, and the eclaircissements of the conclusion.

In some respects this novel seems inferior, and in some superior, to its precursors. It is inferior in the general style and composition ; which, though highly wrought in many parts, are yet carelessly enough slurred over in others : and it is, perhaps, inferior in depth of interest to Waverly and Guy Mannering. As a picture of manners, and as affording distinct portraits of characters (which are individuals, yet a class) it is equal to the best which have gone before. And in adapting the particular story to a frame-work consistent with the nature of the times and state of the country in which the scene is laid, we think the Rob Roy superior to all its predecessors.

The plots and intrigues preceding the rebellion of the year 1715, afforded admirable ground for much more of the marvellous than our author needs to employ in the construction of his volumes, which are so distinguished for their historical truth

and accuracy of delineation, as absolutely to have been reviewed, by the most able periodical works in the world, as if they were real and authentic records of events which happened as they detail.

The same power of delusion belongs to Rob Roy. It is impossible to fancy any part of it a fable. The men and women of its dramatis personæ live before us ; the scenery is perfect nature ; the incidents are identical history. The accession of the House of Hanover, the attempts of Jacobites, the existence of a country called Scotland, do not seem more undeniable, than the whole train of facts herein related, and the actual being of the Osbaldistones, Jarvies, M'Gregors, &c. who people the world created by the poet's imagination, and perform the things he has told us they performed. Not Shakspeare himself has been more true to his characters : we think, if they acted otherwise, more or less, than they do, there would be some appearance of fiction ; as it is, there is none.

Without forgetting our initiatory promise, we may state, that the plan of this delightful work consists of the adventures of Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, the son of a rich London merchant, who refusing to engage in commercial pursuits, as desired by his father, is sent to an uncle's in Northumberland, almost disinherited. In his journey to the north, he falls in with Robert Campbell, a cattle dealer, alias Rob Roy, and by a skilful connexion of their fates, they become from that period interwoven with each other. Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone (the uncle) and his six sons, form a massive group in this canvass, and the chief light is found in a Relative, who is living at Cubhall, Miss Diana Vernon, on whose character the author has exerted all his energies. It is that of Flora Mac Iver, somewhat softened, and embracing many different shades ; equally exalted, but perhaps

more natural. The only other female who truly portraiture of villainy. Morris, a figure in the piece, is the wife of Rob Roy; a ruthless and desolate-hearted Amazon. The Chieftain of the Clan, Gregor himself, is admirably drawn, though in him there has been less of invention necessary than in others. He seems only less barbarous, or, we may say, more civilised, than common fame has handed him down to us. A Scotch gardener, Andrew Fairservice, is well depicted; a worldly, time-serving, selfish fellow; neither overburthened with sense nor principle; but yet contriving, by his officiousness, to occupy a conspicuous station in this drama. A Highland follower of Rob Roy, named Dougal, and a Macgregor, forms a contrast to Fairservice. He is faithful, brave, and devoted, cunning, shrewd, and dexterous. Owen, the principal clerk of the house of Osbaldistone and Tresham, is another portrait of unassuming pretensions, but of exquisite fidelity. The great city, and the wild hills of Scotia, alike submit their children to the development of our acute and masterly delineator. His images are equally vivid, whether drawn from the desk or the heath, the busy hum of men, or the solitude of deserts. But not one of the characters has delighted us more in the pencilling than Baillie Jarvie of Glasgow. If M'Wheble gave the hint for this admirable likeness, it is so full, so finished, and so thrown out by circumstances, that it leaves us nothing to wish for. We question whether any but Scotch readers will be able to appreciate the perfection of this sketch. The mixture of the pride of birth, though connected with an outlaw, and the opposite habits of a manufacturing education; the combined qualities of the son of Deacon Jarvie, honest man! Heaven be merciful to him! and the cousin of Rob Roy, for whom a hemp-en cravat is so surely predestined; the pacific and yet bold, the sober yet eccentric, the prudential yet generous act of the worthy Glasgonian, constitute a tout ensemble of the richest order. Even in the minor characters, there is a degree of variety quite Homeric. The family of Osbaldistone are forcible examples of this. Percival, Thorncliff, John, Richard, and Wilfred are all, alter et idem, and Rashleigh, the youngest brother, a mas-

cowardly Employé of government, is another specimen of the skill of the author: his subserviency, and his lamentable catastrophe, present a useful lesson to mankind. The description of his death, indeed, is one of the most dreadful and touching that we ever read. He is treacherously left as a hostage for the safety of Rob Roy, who is thus betrayed into the hands of his foes. Brought a prisoner to the wife of the Chieftain, immediately after she has been excited to fury by a sharp contest with, and victory over, a party of the military, whom Dougal misleads into a dangerous pass among the mountains, on the borders of a lake, we are told by Francis Osbaldistone, who is also a prisoner,

"The wife of Mac Gregor commanded that the hostage exchanged, for his safety should be brought into her presence. I believe her sons had kept this unfortunate wretch out of her sight, for fear of the consequences; but if it was so, their humane precaution only prolonged his fate. They dragged forward at her summons a wretch already half dead with terror, in whose agonized features, I recognized, to my horror and astonishment, my old acquaintance Morris.

"He fell prostrate before the female chief with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been pollution, so that all he could do, in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plaid. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The ecstasy of fear was such, that, instead of paralyzing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent; and, with cheeks pale as ashes, hands compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he protested, with the deepest oaths, his total ignorance of any design on the person of Rob Roy, whom he swore he loved and honoured as his own soul. In the inconsistency of his terror, he said, he was but the agent of others, and he muttered the name of Rashleigh. He prayed but for life—for life he would have given all he had in the world;—it was but life he asked—life,

if it were to be prolonged under tortures shriek with a loud halloo of vindictive and privations ;—he asked only breath, triumph, above which, however, the yell though it should be drawn in the damps of mortal agony was distinctly heard. of the lowest caverns of their hills.

“ It is impossible to describe the scorn, the loathing and contempt, with which the wife of Mac Gregor regarded this wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence.

“ ‘ I could have bid you live,’ she said, ‘ had life been to you the same weary and wasting burthen it is to me—that it is to every noble and generous mind.—But you—wretch ! you could creep through the world unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow,—you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded are betrayed—while nameless and birthless villains tread on the neck of the brave and the long-descended,—you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher’s dog in the shambles, battoning on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you ! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of ; you shall die, base dog, and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun.’

“ She gave a brief command in Gaelic to her attendants, two of whom seized the prostrate suppliant, and buried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most piercing and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered, —I may well term them dreadful, for they haunted my sleep for years afterwards. As the murderers, or executioners, call them as you will, dragged him along, he recognized me even in that moment of horror, and exclaimed, in the last articulate words I ever heard him utter, ‘ O Mr. Osbaldistone, save me ! save me !’

“ I was so much moved by this horrid spectacle, that, although in momentary expectation of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf ; but, as might have been expected, my interference was sternly disregarded. The victim was held fast by some, while others, binding a large heavy stone in a plaid, tied it round his neck, and others again stripped him of some part of his dress. Half-naked, and thus manacled, they hurled him into the lake, there about and if we can but save that, at whatever twelve feet deep, drowning his last death-

The heavy burden splashed in the dark-blue waters of the lake, and the Highlanders, with their pole-axes and swords, watched an instant to guard, lest, extricating himself from the load to which he was attached, he might have struggled to regain the shore. But the knot had been securely bound ; the victim sank without effort ; the waters, which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him, and the unit of that life, for which he had pleaded so strongly, was forever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.”

This grand and agonizing description brings Lord Byron forcibly to our recollection ; and even by the side of that transcendent painter of human misery and mortal throes, it must be allowed, that the writer of our quotation need not shrink from a sense of inferiority.

We could wish to set before our readers some traits of Baillie Jarvie ; but we fear it is difficult to accomplish this purpose within the scope of extracts consistent with our limits, and with our declared design, not to weaken the interest of the novel by garbled anticipations. When Mr. Osbaldistone asks his advice as to the best way to act for his father’s advantage, and his own honour, the dialogue thus proceeds,

“ ‘ Ye’re right, young man—ye’re right,’ said Jarvie. ‘ Aye, take counsel of those who are aulder and wiser than yoursell, and binna like a godless Rehoboam, who took the advice o’ a wheen beardless callants, neglecting the auld counsellors who had sate at the feet o’ his father Solomon, and, as it is weel put by Mr. Meiklejohn, in his lecture on the chapter, were doubtless partakers of his sapience. But I maun hear naething about honour—we ken naething here but about credit. Honour is a homicide, and a blood-spiller, that gangs about making frays in the street ; but Credit is a decent, honest man, that sits at hame, and makes the pat play.’

“ ‘ Assuredly, Mr. Jarvie,’ said our friend Owen, ‘ credit is the sum total ; discount—’

"Ye are right, Mr. Owen—ye are right; ye speak weel and wisely; and I trust bowls will row right, though they are awee ajee e'enow. But touching Robin (Roy) I am of opinion he will befriend this young man if it is in his power. He has a gude heart, puir Rob in; and though I lost a matter o' twa hunder pounds wi' his former engagements, and haena muckle expectation ever to see back my thousand pund Scots that he promises me e'enow, yet I will never say but that Robin means fair by a'men."

"I am then to consider him," I replied, "as an honest man."

"Umph," replied Jarvie, with a precautionary sort of cough,—"Ay, he has a sort o' Hieland honesty—he's honest after a sort, as they say. My father the deacon used aye to laugh when he tauld me how that bye-word came up. Ane Captain Costlett was cracking crouse about his loyalty to King Charles, and Clerk Pettigrew (ye'll! hae heard mony a tale about him) asked him after what manner he served the king, when he was fighting against him at Worster in Cromwell's army; and Captain Costlett was a ready body, and said that he served him *after a sort*. My honest father used to laugh weel at that sport—and sae the bye-word came up."

Among the finest pictures of this ex-

cellent book, we must notice that of the "Laigh Kirk," at Glasgow, and the sacred service performed there which occurs in the second volume. It is inimitably good, and gives prodigious effect to the incident which takes place in "those waste regions of oblivion," where "dusky banners, and tattered escutcheons indicated the graves of those who were once, doubtless, 'Princes in Israel;' where inscriptions, which could only be read by the painful antiquary, in language as obsolete as the act of devotional charity which they implored, invited the passengers to pray for the souls of those whose bodies resteth beneath."

The scenery of Northumberland and of the Highlands is painted with a force and colouring equally faithful. An artist would need no other studies to enable him to transfer its features from the paper to the canvas.

We can scarcely tear ourselves away from this fascinating subject; but dare not go on, lest we forget all our pledges, and dash into the very heart of the story. Suffice it to repeat, that *Rob Roy* is worthy of its author, and has added another laurel to his crown, another source to the fountains of intellectual enjoyments, another picture to the series of national manners, and another star to the galaxy of national literature.

From the Literary Gazette, January, 1818.

## IN WHAT CONSISTS THE ESSENCE OF POETRY?

"Thoughts that voluntary move,  
"Harmonious numbers."

**P**OETRY is the music of language, expressing the music of the mind. Whenever any object takes such a hold on the mind as to make us dwell on it, and brood over it, melting the heart in love, or kindling it to a sentiment of admiration;—whenever a movement of imagination or passion is impressed on the mind, by which it seeks to prolong and repeat the emotion, to bring all other objects into accord with it, and to give the same movement of harmony, retained and continuous, to the sounds that express it,—this is Poetry. The musical in

sound is the sustained and continuous; the musical in thought and feeling is the sustained and continuous also. Whenever articulation passes naturally into intonation, this is the beginning of Poetry. There is no natural harmony in the ordinary combinations of significant sounds. The language of prose is not the language of music or of passion; and it is to supply this inherent defect in the mechanism of language,—to make the sound an echo to the sense, when that sense becomes a sort of echo to itself,—to mingle the tide of verse "the golden cadences of poetry" with the tide of feeling,—or to take the imagination off its feet, and spread its

wings where it may indulge its own impulses, without being stopped or perplexed by the ordinary abruptness, or discordant flats and sharps of prose,—that Poetry was invented.

From the Monthly Magazine, January, 1818.

## DR. DRAKE'S " SHAKSPEARE AND HIS TIMES."\*

### A COUNTRY-GENTLEMAN'S MANSION-HOUSE IN 1595.

THE mansion-houses of the country-gentlemen were, in the days of Shakspeare, rapidly improving both in their external appearance, and in their interior comforts. During the reign of Henry the Eighth, and even of Mary, they were, if we except their size, little better than cottages, being thatched buildings, covered on the outside with the coarsest clay, and lighted only by lattices; when Harrison wrote, in the age of Elizabeth, though the greater number of manor-houses still remained framed of timber, yet he observes, "such as be latelie builded, are comonlie either of bricke or hard stone, or both; their roomes large and comelie, and houses of office further distant from their lodgings." The old timber mansions, too, were now covered with the finest plaster, which, says the historian, "beside the delectable whitenesse of the stiffe it selfe, is laied on so even and smoothlie, as nothing in my judgment can be done with more exactnesse;" and at the same time, the windows, interior decorations, and furniture, were becoming greatly more useful and elegant.

The house of every country-gentleman of property included a neat chapel and a spacious hall; and where the estate and establishment were considerable, the mansion was divided into two parts or sides, one for the state or banqueting-rooms, and the other for the household; but in general, the latter, except in baronial residences, was the only part to be met with, and when complete had the addition of parlours; thus Bacon, in his *Essay on Buildings*, describing the household side of a mansion, says, "I wish it divided at the first into a hall, and a chappell, with a partition betweene; both of good state and bignesse; and those not to goe all the

length, but to have, at the further end, a winter and a summer parlor, both faire: and under these roomes a faire and large cellar, sunke under ground: and likewise, some privie kitchins, with butteries and pantries, and the like." It was the custom also to have windows opening from the parlours and passages, into the chapel, hall, and kitchen, with the view of overlooking or controlling what might be going on; a trait of vigilant caution, which may still be discovered in some of our ancient colleges and manor-houses, and to which Shakspeare alludes in *King Henry the Eighth*, where he describes his Majesty and Butts the physician entering at a window above, which overlooks the council-chamber. We may add, in illustration of this system of architectural espionage, that Andrew Borde, when giving instructions for building a house in his *Dictarie of Health*, directs "many of the chambers to have a view into the chapel:" and that Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, in a letter, dated 1573, says, "if it please her Majesty, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dynner-time, at a window opening thereunto."

The hall of the country-squire was the usual scene of eating and hospitality, at the upper end of which was placed the orsille or high table, a little elevated above the floor, and here the master of the mansion presided, with an authority, if not a state, which almost equalled that of the potent baron. The table was divided into upper and lower messes, by a huge saltcellar, and the rank and consequence of the visitors were marked by the situation of the seats above and below the saltcellar; a custom which not only distinguished the relative dignity of the guests, but extended likewise to the nature of the provision, the wine frequently circulating only above the saltcellar, and the dishes below it being of

\* See Ath. Vol. 2. page 413.

a coarser kind than those near the head of the table.

#### MAY-DAY.

The observance of May-day was a custom which, until the close of the reign of James the First, alike attracted the attention of the royal and the noble, as of the vulgar class. Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, and James, patronized and partook of its ceremonies; and, during this extended era, there was scarcely a village in the kingdom but what had a *May-pole*, with its appropriate games and dances.

The origin of these festivities has been attributed to three different sources, *Classic*, *Celtic*, and *Gothic*. The first appears to us to establish the best claim to the parentage of our May-day rites, as a relique of the *Roman Floralia*, which were celebrated on the last four days of April, and on the first of May, in honour of the goddess Flora, and were accompanied with dancing, music, the wearing of garlands, strewing of flowers, &c. The *Beltein*, or rural sacrifice of the Highlanders on this day, as described by Mr. Pennant and Dr. Jamieson, seems to have arisen from a different motive, and to have been instituted for the purpose of propitiating the various noxious animals which might injure or destroy their flocks and herds. The Gothic anniversary on May-day makes a nearer approach to the general purpose of the *Floralia*, and was intended as a thanksgiving to the sun, if not for the return of flowers, fruit, and grain, yet for the introduction of a better season for fishing and hunting.

The modes of conducting the ceremonies and rejoicings on *May-day*, may be best drawn from the writers of the Elizabethan period, in which this festival appears to have maintained a very high degree of celebrity, though not accompanied with that splendour of exhibition which took place at an earlier period in the reign of Henry the Eighth. It may be traced, indeed, from the era of Chaucer, who, in the conclusion of his *Court of Love*, has described the *Feast of May*, when

“—Forth goth all the court both most and least,  
To fetch the floures fresh, and braunch and blome—  
And namely hauhorne brought both page and grome

And than rejoysen in their great delite;  
Eke eech at other throw the floures bright,  
The primerose, the violete, and the gold.  
With fresh garlants party blew and white.”

And it should be observed, that this, the simplest mode of celebrating May-day, was as much in vogue in the days of Shakspeare, as the more complex one, accompanied by the morris-dance, and the games of Robin Hood. The following descriptions, by Bourne and Borlase, manifestly allude to the costume of this age, and to the simpler mode of commemorating the 1st of May: “On the *Calends*, or the 1st day of May,” says the former, “commonly called *May-day*, the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight, and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompany’d with music, and the blowing of horns, where they break down branches from the trees, and adorn them with *nosegays* and *crowns of flowers*. When this is done, they return with their booty homewards, about the rising of the sun, and make their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after-part of the day is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall poll, which is called a *May poll*; which, being placed in a convenient part of the village, stands there, as it were consecrated to the *Goddess of Flowers*, without the least violence offered it, in the whole circle of the year.” “An antient cus̄m,” says the latter, “still retained by the Cornish, is that of decking their doors and porches on the 1st of May with green sycamore and hawthorn boughs, and of planting trees, or rather stumps of trees, before their houses: and on May-eve, they from towns make excursions into the country, and having cut down a tall elm, brought it into town, fitted a straight and taper pole to the end of it, and painted the same, erect it in the most public places, and on holidays and festivals adorn it with flower garlands, or insignts and streamers.”

So generally prevalent was this habit of early rising on May-day, that Shakspeare makes one of his inferior characters in *King Henry the Eighth* exclaim,—

“Pray, sir, be patient; ‘tis as much impossible  
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)  
To scatter them, as ‘tis to make them sleep  
On May-day morning; which will never be.”

Herrick, the minute describer of the customs and superstitions of his times, which were those of Shakspeare, and the immediately succeeding period, has a poem called *Corinna's going a Maying*, which includes most of the circumstances hitherto mentioned; he thus addresses his mistress:—

"Get up,—and see  
The dew bespangling herbe and tree :  
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,  
Above an hour since ;—it is sin,  
Nay profanation, to keep in ;  
When as a thousand virgins on this day,  
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May !  
Come, my Corinna, come ; and comming marke  
How each field turns a street, each street a parke  
Made green, and trimm'd with trees ; see how  
Devotion gives each house a bough,  
Or branch : each porch, each doore, ere this,  
An arke, a tabernacle is  
Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove.

There's not a budding boy, or girle, this day  
But is got up, and gone to bring in May :  
A deale of youth, ere this, is come  
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.  
Some have dispatcht their cakes and creame,  
Before that we have left to dreame :  
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,  
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :  
Many a green gown has been giv'n ;  
Many a kisse, both odde and even :  
Many a glance too has been sent  
From out the eye, Love's firmament :  
Many a jest told of the keyes betraying  
This night, and locks pickt, yet w'are not a Maying !"

But, about the commencement of the sixteenth century, or somewhat sooner, probably towards the middle of the fifteenth century, a very material addition was made to the celebration of the rites of May-day, by the introduction of the characters of Robin Hood and some of his associates. This was done with a view towards the encouragement of archery, and the custom was continued even beyond the close of the reign of James I. It is true, that the May-games in their rudest form, the mere dance of lads and lasses round a May-pole, or the simple morris with the Lady of the May, were occasionally seen during the days of Elizabeth; but the general exhibition was the more complicated ceremony which we are about to describe.

The personages who now became the chief performers in the *morris dance*, were four of the most popular outlaws of Sherwood forest; that Robin Hood, of whom Drayton says,—

"In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,  
But he hath heard some talk of him and little John :—  
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made  
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and their trade ;—  
"Of Robin's" mistress dear, his loved Marian,  
——which, wheresoe'er she came,  
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game :  
Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braided  
hair,  
With bow and quiver arm'd ;"

characters which Warner, the contemporary of Drayton and Shakspeare, has exclusively recorded as celebrating the rites of May; for, speaking of the periods of some of our festivals, and remarking that "ere pentecost begun our May," he adds,

"Tho' (then) Robin Hood, liell John, frier Tucke,  
And Marian, destly play,  
And lord and ladie gang till kirke  
With lads and lasses gay :  
Fra masse and een sang sa gud cheere  
And glee on ery greene."

These four characters, therefore, *Robin Hood*, *Little John*, *Friar Tuck*, and *Maid Marian*, although no constituent parts of the original English morris, became at length so blended with it, especially on the festival of May-day, that until the practice of archery was nearly laid aside, they continued to be the most essential part of the pageantry.

In consequence of this arrangement, "the old *Robin Hood* of England," as Shakspeare calls him, was created the King or Lord of the May, and sometimes carried in his hand, during the May-game, a painted standard. It was no uncommon circumstance, likewise, for metrical interludes, of a comic species, and founded on the achievements of this outlaw, to be performed, after the morris, on the May-pole green. In Garrick's Collection of Old Plays, occurs one, entitled "A mery Geste of Robyn Hoode, and of hys Lyfe, wyth a newe Playe for to be played in Maye games, very pleasaunte and full of pastyme ;" it is printed at London, in the black letter, for William Copland, and has figures in the title page of *Robin Hood* and *Lytel John*. Shakspeare appears to allude to these interludes when he represents Fabian, in the *Twelfth Night*, exclaiming, on the approach of Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek with his challenge, "More matter for May-morning."

DRESS OF BEAUX IN THE REIGN OF  
JAMES I.

King James's love of finery seems to have been imbibed, not only by his courtiers, but by all his youthful sub-

jects; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, nothing can exceed the fantastic attire, by which the beau of this period was distinguished. His hair was worn long and flowing, ear, called a love-lock. The first and least "whose length," says Decker, "before offensive of these decorations, the use the rigorous edge of any puritanical pair of scissors, should shorten the breadth of a finger, let the three house-wifely spinsters of destiny rather curtail the thread of thy life; let it play openly with the lascivious wind, even on the top of your shoulder." His hat was most part, formed of ribbon, yet, we are made of silk, velvet, taffeta, or beaver, told by Burton, in his Anatomy of Men, the last being the most expensive; the lancholy, "that it was once the fashion crown was high, and narrow towards the top, "like the speare or shaft of a love-lock with its termination in a silken steeple," observes Stubbs, "standing rose, had become so notorious, that a quarter of a yard above their heads;" Prynne at length wrote an express treatise against it, which he entitled, The Unloveliness of Love-locks, and long to which a costly hat-band, sparkling with gems and a lofty plume of feathers, were generally added. It appears, from a passage in The Taming of the Shrew, that to these high hats the name of Copatain was given; for Vincentio, surprised at Tranio being dressed as a gentleman, exclaims, "O fine villain! a silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!"

a word which Mr. Steevens considers as synonymous with a high copt hat. It was usual with gallants to wear gloves in their hats, as a memorial of their ladies' favour. The ruff never reached the extravagant dimensions of that in the other sex, yet it gradually acquired such magnitude as to offend the eye of Elizabeth, who, in one of her sumptuary laws, ordered it, when reaching beyond "a nayle of a yeard in depth," to be clipped. The doublet and hose, to the eighth word which Mr. Steevens considers as enormous size, especially the breeches, synonymous with a high copt hat. It which being puckered, stuffed, bolstered and distended with wool and hair, attained a magnitude so preposterous, that, as Strutt relates on the authority of a

MS. in the Harleian collection, "there actually was a scaffold erected round the inside of the parliament house for the accommodation of such members as wore those huge breeches; and that the scaffold was taken down when, in age, or fancy, of the wearer. Red was the eighth of Elizabeth, those absurdities one of the most fashionable tints; a tie went out of fashion.

beard of "formal cut" distinguished the justice and the judge; a rough bushy beard marked the clown, and a spade beard, or a stiletto, or dagger-shaped beard, graced the soldier. "It is observable," remarks Mr. Malone, "that our author's patron, Henry, earl of Southampton, who spent much of his time in camps, is drawn with the latter of these beards; and his unfortunate friend, Lord Essex, is constantly represented with the former."

On the effeminate fashion of this age, custom of wearing jewels and roses in the ear, was general through the upper and middle ranks, Roses were almost always an appendage of the love-lock, but these were, for the most part, formed of ribbon, yet, we are told by Burton, in his Anatomy of Men, that it was once the fashion to stick real flowers in the ear." The rose, had become so notorious, that it was once the fashion to offend the eye of Elizabeth, who, in one of her sumptuary laws, ordered it, when reaching beyond "a nayle of a yeard in depth," to be clipped. The doublet and hose, to the eighth word which Mr. Steevens considers as enormous size, especially the breeches, synonymous with a high copt hat. It which being puckered, stuffed, bolstered and distended with wool and hair, attained a magnitude so preposterous, that, as Strutt relates on the authority of a

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beard of "formal cut" distinguished the justice and the judge; a rough bushy beard marked the clown, and a spade beard, or a stiletto, or dagger-shaped beard, graced the soldier. "It is ob-

about him. It was made of cloth, silk, or satin, fitting the body like a waistcoat,

or surmounted by a large cape, and accompanied either with long close sleeves,

or with very wide ones, called Danish gaskins, now shrunk in their bulk, were either made close to the form, or rendered moderately round by stuffing: the former, which ended far above the knee, were often made of crimson satin, cut and embroidered, and the latter had frequently a most indelicate appendage, to which our poet has too often indulged the licence of allusion. A cloak surmounting the whole, of the richest materials, and generally embroidered with gold or silver, was worn buttoned over the shoulder. Fox-skins, lambs-skins, and sables were in use as facings, but the latter was restricted to the nobility, none under the rank of an earl being allowed to wear sables, which were so expensive, that an old writer of 1577, speaking of the luxury of the times, says, "that a thousand ducates were sometimes given for a face of sables;" consequently, as Mr. Malone has remarked, "a suit trimed with sables, was, in Shakspeare's time, the richest dress worn by men in England."

The stockings, or hose, as they were called in common with the breeches, consisted either of woven silk, or were cut out by the tailor, "from silke, velvet, damaske, or other precious stufte." They were gartered externally, and below the knee, with materials of such expensive quality, that Howes tells us, in his continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, "men of mean rank weare garters and shoe-roses of more than five pounds price." Decker advises his gallant to "strive to fashion his legs to his silk stockings, and his proud gate to his broad garters," which, being so conspicuous a part of the dress, were either manufactured of gold and silver, or were made of satin or velvet, with a deep gold fringe. The common people were content with worsted galloon, or what were called caddis-garters. The gaudiness of attire, indeed, with regard to these articles of clothing, appears to have been carried to a most ridiculous excess: red silk stockings, and parti-coloured garters, and cross gartering, so as to represent the varied colours of the Scotch plaid, were frequently exhibited.

Nor were the shoes and boots of this period less extravagantly ostentatious, or loose tops, which were frequently

Corked shoes, or pantofles, are described by Stubbes, as bearing up their wearers two inches or more from the ground, as being of various colours, and razed, carved, cut, and stitched. They were not unfrequently fabricated of velvet, embroidered with the precious metals, and, when fastened with strings, these were covered with enormous roses of ribbon, curiously ornamented, and of great value. Thus Hamlet speaks of "Provencial roses on my razed shoes;" and it is remarkable, that, as in the present age, both shoes and slippers were worn shaped after the right and left foot. Shakspeare describes his smith

"Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet."

and Scott, in his Discoverie of Witchcraft, observes, that, he who receiveth a mischance, "will consider, whether he put not on his shirt wrong side outwards, or his left shoe on his right foot."

The boots were, if possible, still more eccentric and costly than the shoes, resembling, in some degree, though on a large scale, the theatrik buskin of the modern stage. They were usually manufactured of russet cloth or leather, hanging loose and ruffled about the leg, with immense tops turned down and fringed, and the heel decorated with gold or silver spurs. Decker speaks of "a gilt spur and a ruffled boot;" and in another place adds,—"let it be thy prudence to have the tops of them wide as the mouth of a wallet, and those with fringed boot-hose over them to hang down to thy ancles." Yet even this extravagance did not content those who aspired to the highest rank of fashion; for Dr. Nott, the editor of Decker's Horn-book, in a note on the last passage which we have quoted, informs us, on the authority of Stubbes's Anatomie of Abuses, that these boots were often "made of cloth fine enough for any hand, or ruff; and so large, that the quantity used would nearly make a shirt: they were embroidered in gold and silver; having on them the figures of birds, animals, and antiquities in various coloured silks: the needle-work alone of them would cost from four to ten pounds." Shakspeare

called lugged boots, in All's Well that Ends Well, act iii. scene 2; and we find, in an extract taken from Stafforde's Briefe concept of English Pollicy, 1581, 4to.; in which not only this practice is mentioned, but the preceding fashion of the heavy sword and buckler is particularly noticed:—"I think wee were as much dread or more of our enemies, when our gentlemen went simply, and our serving men plainly, without cuts or guards, bearing their heavy swords and bucklers on their thighes, instead of cuts and gardes and light daunsing swordes; and when they rode, carrying good speares in theyr hands in stede of white rods, which they cary now more like ladies or gentlewemen then men; all which delicacyes maketh our men cleane effeminate and without strength."

Nor was the interior clothing of the beau less sumptuous and expensive than his exterior apparel; his shirts, relates that minute observer, Stubbs, were made of "camericke, Hollande, lawne, or els of the finest cloth that may be got." And were so wrought with "needleworke of silke, and so curiously stitched with other knackes beside, that their price would sometimes amount to ten pounds."

No gentleman was considered as dressed without his dagger and rapier; the former, richly gilt and ornamented, was worn at the back: thus Capulet in Romeo and Juliet, exclaims,

"This dagger hath mista'en—for, lo! his house  
Is empty on the back of Montague—  
And is mis-sheath'd in my daughter's bosom."

And an old play, of the date 1570, expressly tells us,

"Thou must weare thy sword by thy side,  
And thy dagger handsumly at thy backe."

The rapier, or small sword, which had been known in this country from the reign of Henry the Eighth, or even earlier, entirely superseded, about the 20 of Elizabeth, the use of the heavy or two-handed sword and buckler; an event which Justice Shallow, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, is represented as regretting. Though occasionally used as an offensive weapon, and certainly a more dangerous instrument than its predecessor, it was chiefly worn as a splendid ornament, the hilt and scabbard being profusely, and often elegantly decorated. It was also the custom to wear these swords when dancing, as appears from a passage in All's Well that Ends Well, where Bertram says,

"I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock  
'Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,  
But one to dance with;"

an allusion which has received most sat-

isfactory illustration from Mr. Douce, Ends Well, act iii. scene 2; and we find, in an extract taken from Stafforde's Briefe concept of English Pollicy, 1581, 4to.; in which not only this practice is mentioned, but the preceding fashion of the heavy sword and buckler is particularly noticed:—"I think wee were as much dread or more of our enemies, when our gentlemen went simply, and our serving men plainly, without cuts or guards, bearing their heavy swords and bucklers on their thighes, instead of cuts and gardes and light daunsing swordes; and when they rode, carrying good speares in theyr hands in stede of white rods, which they cary now more like ladies or gentlewemen then men; all which delicacyes maketh our men cleane effeminate and without strength."

It soon became the fashion to wear these rapiers of such an enormous length, that government was obliged to interfere, and a sumptuary law was passed to limit these weapons to three feet, which was published by proclamation, together with one for the curtailment of ruffs. "He," says Stowe, "was held the greatest gallant, that had the deepest ruffe and longest rapier; the offence to the eye of the one, and the hurt unto the life of the subject that came by the other, caused her majesty to make proclamation against them both, and to place selected grave citizens at every gate to cut the ruffles, and break the rapiers' points of all passengers that exceeded a yard in length of their rapiers." This regulation occasioned a whimsical circumstance, related by Lord Talbot in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated June 23d, 1580:—"The French imbasidore, Mounswer Mouiser, (Malvoisier) riding to take the ayer, in his returne came thowrowe Smithfield; and ther, at the bars, was steayed by thos offisers that sitteth to cut sourds, by reason his raper was longer than the statute: He was in a great feaurie, and dreawe his raper; in the meane season my Lord Henry Seamore cam, and so steayed the matt'r: Hir Mat'ie is greatlie ofended w<sup>th</sup> the ofisirs, in that they wanted judgment."

This account of the male fashionable dress, during the days of Shakspeare, has sufficiently borne out the assertion which we made at its commencement,—that in extravagance and frivolity it sur-

passed the caprice and expenditure of the other sex ; a charge which is repeated by Burton at the close of this era : for, exclaiming against the luxury of fine clothes, he remarks, “ women are bad, and men are worse.—So ridiculous we are in our attires, and for cost so excessive, that as Hierom said of old,—’tis an ordinary thing to put a thousand oaks, and an hundred oxen into a suit of apparel, to wear a whole manor on his back. What with shoo-ties, hangers, points, caps and feathers, scarfs, bands, cuffs, &c. in a short space their whole patrimonies are consumed. Heliogabalus is taxed by Lampridius, and admired in his age for wearing jewels in his shoes, a common thing in our times, not for emperors and princes, but almost for serving men and taylors : all the flowers, stars, constellations, gold, and pretious stones, do condescend to set out their shoes.”

#### DOMESTIC ECONOMY IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

In the days of Elizabeth, servants were more numerous and considered as a more essential mark of gentility, than at any subsequent period. “ The English,” observes Hentzner, “ are lovers of show, liking to be followed wherever they go by whole troops of servants, who weare their master’s arms in silver, fastened to their left arms.” They were, also, usually distinguished by blue coats ; thus, Grummio, enquiring for his master’s servants, says,—“ Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest ; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed.”

We learn, however, from Fynes Moryson, that both silver badges and blue coats were out of fashion in the reign of James the First ; “ the servants of gentlemen,” he informs us, “ were wont to weare blew coates, with their master’s badge of silver on the left sleeve, but now they most commonly weare clokes garded with lace, all the servants of one family wearing the same livery for colour and ornament.”

The very strict regulations to which servants were subjected in the sixteenth century, and the admirable order preserved in the household of the upper classes at that time, will be illustrated in

a very satisfactory and entertaining manner, by the “ Orders for household Servantes ; first devised by John Haryngton, in the year 1566, and renewed by John Haryngton, sounre of the saide John, in the yeare 1592 : the saide John, the sonne, being then high shrieve of the county of Somerset.”

*Imprimis.* That no servant bee absent from praiier, at morning or evening, without a lawfull excuse, to be alledged within one day after, upon payne to forfeit for every tyme 2d.

2. *Item,* That none sweare any othe, uppon payne for every othe, 1d.

3. *Item,* That no man leave any doore open that he findeth shut, without there bee cause, upon payne for every tyme 1d.

4. *Item,* That none of the men bee in bed from our Lady-day to Michaelmas, after 6 of the clock in the morning : nor out of his bed after 10 of the clock at night : nor, from Michaelmas till our Lady-day, in bed after 7 in the morning ; nor out after 9 at night, without reasonable cause, on paine of 2d.

5. *Item,* That no man’s bed be unmade, nor fire or candle-box uncleane, after 8 of the clock in the morning, on paine of 1d.

6. *Item,* That no man make water within either of the courts, upon paine of, every tyme it shall be proved, 1d.

7. *Item,* That no man teach any of the children any unhonest speeche, or baudie word, or othe, on paine of 4d.

8. *Item,* That no man waite at the table without a trencher in his hand, except it be upon some good cause, on paine of 1d.

9. *Item,* That no man appointed to waite at table, be absent that meale, without reasonable cause, on paine of 1d.

10. *Item,* If a man breake a glasse, hee shall answer the price thereof out of his wages ; and, if it bee not known who breake it, the butler shall pay for it, on paine of 12d.

11. *Item,* The table must bee covered halfe an hour before 11 at dinner, and 6 at supper, or before, on paine of 2d.

12. *Item,* That meate be ready at 11, or before at dinner ; and 6, or before, at supper, on paine of 6d.

13. *Item,* That none be absent, without leave or good cause, the whole day, or any part of it, on paine of 4d.

14. *Item,* That no man strike his fellow, on paine of losse of service ; nor revile or threaten, or provoke another to strike, on paine of 12d.

15. *Item,* That no man come to the kitchen without reasonable cause, on paine of 1d. and the cook likewyse to forfeit 1d.

16. *Item.* That none toy with the maids, on paine of 4d.

17. *Item,* That no man weare foule shirt on Sunday, nor broken hose or shooes or doublett without buttons, on paine of 1d.

18. *Item,* That when any strainger goeth hence, the chamber bedressed up againe within four hours after, on paine of 1d.

19. *Item,* That the hall be made cleane every day, by eight in the winter, and seaven in

sommer, on paine of him that should do it to forfeit 1d.

20. That the court-gate bee shutt each meale, and not opened during dinner and supper, without just cause, on paine of the porter to forfeit for every time 1d.

21. Item, That all stayrs in the house, and other rooms that neede shall require, bee made cleane on Fryday after dinner, on paine of forfeyture of every on whome it shall belong unto, 3d.

All which sommes shall be duly paide each quarter-day out of their wages, and bestowed on the poore, or other godly use.

To the tribe of household servants, must be added, as a constant inmate in the houses of the great, during the life of Shakspeare, and, indeed, to the close of the reign of Charles I., that motley personage, the domestic fool, who was an essential part of the entertainment of the fire-side, not only in the palace and the castle, but in the tavern and the brothel.

The character of the "all-licens'd fool" has been copied from the life, with his usual naïveté and precision, and with an inexhaustible fund of wit, in many of the plays of our poet; yet, perhaps, we shall no where find a more condensed and faithful picture of the manners of this once indispensable source of domestic pleasantry, than what has been given us by Dr. Lodge:—"This fellow," says he, "in person is comely, in apparel courtly, but in behaviour a very ape, and no man; his studie is to coine bitter jests, or to show antique motions, or to sing baudie sonnets and ballads: give him a little wine in his head, he is continually flearing and making of mouthes: he laughs intemperately at every little occasional, and dances about the house, leaps over tables, out-kips mens heads, trips up his companion's heeles, burns sack with a candle, and hath all the feats of a lord of misrule in the countrie: feed him in his humor, you shall have his heart, in meere kindness he will hug you in his arms, kisse you on the cheeke, and trapping out an horrible oth, crie God's soule Tum I love you, you know my poore heart, come to my chamber for a pipe of tobacco, there lives not a man in this world that I more honour. In these ceremonies you shall know his courting, and it is a speciaall mark of him at the table, he sits and makes faces."

From Shakspeare we learn that the apparel of the domestic fool was of two kinds; he had either a parti-coloured

coat fastened round the body by a girdle, with close breeches, and hose on each leg of different colours; or he wore a long petticoat dyed with curious tints, and fringed with yellow. With both dresses was generally connected a hood, covering the whole head, falling over part of the breast and shoulders, and surmounted with asses ears, or a cocks-comb. Bells and a bauble were the usual insignia of the character; the former either attached to the elbows, or the shirt of the coat, and the latter consisting of a stick, decorated at one end with a carved fool's head, and having at the other an inflated bladder, an instrument either of sport or defence.

Bitter jests, provided they were so dressed up, or so connected with adjunctive circumstances, as to raise a laugh, were at all times allowed; but it was moreover expected, that their keenness or bitterness should also be allayed by a due degree of obliquity in the mode of attack, by a careless, and, apparently, undesigning manner of delivery; and by a playful and frolic demeanour. For these purposes, fragments of sonnets and ballads were usually chosen by the fool, a safe medium through which the necessary degree of concealment might be given, and the edge of his sarcasm duly abated; a practice of which Shakspeare has afforded us many instances, and especially in his fool in King Lear, whose scraps of old songs fully exemplify the aim and scope of this favorite of our ancestors.

A few household arrangements, in addition to those developed in Sir John Harrington's orders, shall terminate this branch of our subject.

We have seen, when treating of the domestic economy of the country squire, that it was usual to take their banquet or dessert, in an arbour of the garden or orchard; and in town, the nobility and gentry, immediately after dinner and supper, adjourned to another room, for the purpose of enjoying their wine and fruit; this practice is alluded to by Shakspeare, in Romeo and Juliet; and Beaufort, in the Unnatural Combat of Massinger, says,—

"We'll dine in the great room, but let the musick And banquet be prepared here;"

a custom which it is astonishing the deli-

cacy and refinement of modern manners have not generally adopted.

As our ancestors, during the greater part of the period we are considering, possessed not the convenience of eating with forks, and were, therefore, compelled to make use of their fingers, it became an essential point of good manners, to wash the hands immediately before dinner and supper, as well as afterwards: thus Petruchio, on the entrance of his servants with supper, says, addressing his wife,—

" Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily."

In the fifteenth item of Harrington's Orders, we find that no man was allowed to come to the kitchen without reasonable cause, an injunction which may appear extraordinary; but, in those days, it was customary, in order to prevent the cook being disturbed in his important duties, to keep the rest of the men aloof, and, when dinner was ready, he summoned them to carry it on the table, by knocking loudly on the dresser with his knife: thus in Massinger's Unnatural Combat, Beauford's steward says,—

" When the dresser, the cook's drum, thunders, Come on,  
The service will be lost else ;"

a practice which gave rise to the phraseology, he knocks to the dresser, or, he warns to the dresser, as synonymous with the annunciation that, " dinuer is ready."

It was usual, also, especially where the domestic fool was retained, to keep an ape or a monkey, as a companion for him, and he is frequently represented with this animal on his shoulders. Monkeys, likewise, appear to have been an indispensable part of a lady's establishment, and, accordingly, Ben Jonson, in his Cynthia's Rivals, represents one of his characters as asserting, "the gentleman (I'll undertake with him) is a man of fair living, and able to maintain a lady in her two caroches a day, besides pages, monkeys, parachitoes, with such attendants as she shall think meet for her turn."

#### DANCES.

Dancing was an almost daily amusement in the court of Elizabeth; the

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queen was peculiarly fond of this exercise, as had been her father, Henry the Eighth and the taste for it became so general, during her reign, that a great part of the leisure of almost every class of society was spent, and especially on days of festivity, in dancing.

To dance elegantly was one of the strongest recommendations to the favour of Her Majesty; and her courtiers, therefore, strove to rival each other in this pleasing accomplishment: nor were their efforts, in many instances, unrewarded. Sir Christopher Hatton, we are told, owed his promotion, in a great measure, to his skill in dancing; and in accordance with this anecdote, Gray opens his "Long Story" with an admirable description of his merit in this department, which, as containing a most just and excellent picture, both of the architecture and manners of "the days of good Queen Bess," as well as of the dress and agility of the knight, we with pleasure transcribe. Stoke-Pogis, the scene of the narrative, was formerly in the possession of the Hattons:—

" In Britain's isle, no matter where,  
An ancient pile of building stands;  
The Huntingdons and Hattons there  
Employ'd the pow'r of Fairy hands  
To raise the ceiling's fretted height,  
Each pannel in achievements clothing,  
Rich windows that exclude the light,  
And passages that lead to nothing.  
Full oft within the spacious walls,  
When he had fifty winters o'er him,  
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls;  
The seal and maces dane'd before him.  
His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,  
His high crown'd hat, and sattin doublet,  
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,  
Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

The brawl, a species of dance here alluded to, is derived from the French word *braule*, "indicating," observes Mr. Douce, "a shaking or swinging motion.—It was performed by several persons uniting hands in a circle, and giving each other continual shakes, the steps changing with the tune. It usually consisted of three *pas* and a *pied-joint*, to the time of four strokes of the bow; which, being repeated, was termed a double brawl. With this dance, balls were usually opened."

Shakspeare seems to have entertained as high an idea of the efficacy of a French

brawl, as probably did Sir Christophehr Hatton, when he exhibited before Queen Elizabeth; for he makes Moth in Love's Labour's Lost, ask Armado,—“Master, does, mentions a passamezzo galliard, will you win your love with a French which, in the year 1647, a Padre in that brawl?” and he then exclaims, “These island played to him on the lute; the betray nice wenches.” That several very same, he says, with an air of that dances were included under the term kind which in Shakspeare's play of brawls, appears from a passage in Shelton's Don Quixote:—“After this there came in another artificial dance, of those called brawles;” and Mr. Douce in Henry the Fourth was originally played to Sir John Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet, sneaked in another artificial dance, of those by Sneak, the musician, there named.” Of equal gravity with the “dolesome forms us, that amidst a great variety of pavin,” as Sir W. D'Avenant calls it, brawls, noticed in Thoinot Arbeau's treatise on dancing, entitled Orchesographie, occurs a Scotch brawl; and he racters in the state, and formed a part of adds that this dance continued in fashion the revelry of the inns of court, where to the close of the seventeenth century. the gravest lawyers were often found

Another dance of much celebrity at treading the measures. Shakspeare puns this period, was the *pavin* or *pavan*, upon the name of this dance, and con- which, from the solemnity of its mea- trasts it with the Scotch jig, in Much sure, seems to have been held in utter Ado about Nothing, where he intro- aversion by Sir Toby Belch, who, in re- duces Beatrice telling her cousin Hero, ference to his intoxicated surgeon, ex- —“The fault will be in the musick, claims,—“Then he's a rogue. After a cousin, if you be not wo'd in good passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate a time: if the prince be too important, drunken rogue.” This is the text of Mr. Tyrwhitt; but the old copy reads,— and so dance out the answer. For hear “Then he's a rogue, and a passy me- me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and sure's pavyn,” which is probably correct; penting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, for the pavan was rendered still more grave by the introduction of the passa- and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as mezzo air, which obliged the dancers, after making several steps round the dest, as a measure full of state and an- room, to cross it in the middle in a slow cientry; and then comes repentance, step or *cinque pace*. This alteration of time occasioned the term passamezzo to be prefixed to the name of several into his grave.”

dances; thus we read of the passamezzo galliard, as well as the passamezzo pa- van; and Sir Toby, by applying the lat- ter appellation to his surgeon, meant to a medicine,” says Lafeu, in All's Well call him, not only a rogue, but a solemn that Ends Well, alluding to the influ- coxcomb. “The pavan, from *pavo* a peacock,” observes Sir J. Hawkins, “is a grave and majestick dance. The method of dancing it was anciently by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long robes in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given with the characters for the step, in the Orchesographia of Thoinot Arbeau.—Of the passamezzo

A more brisk and lively step accom- panied the canary dance, which was likewise very fashionable:—“I have seen a rock, and make you dance canary, With spritely fire and motion.”

and Moth advises Armado, when dancing the brawl, to canary it with his feet.

The mode of performing this dance, is thus given by Mr. Douce, from the treatise of Thoinot Arbeau:—“A lady is taken out by a gentleman, and after dancing together to the cadences of the proper air, he leads her to the end of the hall; this done, he retreats back to the original spot, always looking at the

lady. Then he makes up to her again, any thing ; jest at your creditor, even to with certain steps, and retreats as before. His partner performs the same ceremony, which is several times repeated by both parties, with various strange fantastic steps, very much in the savage style."

Besides the brawl, the pavan, the measure, and the canary, several other dances were in vogue, under the general titles of corantoes, lavoltos, jigs, galliards, and fancies ; but the four which we have selected for more peculiar notice, appear to have been the most celebrated.

#### LOUNGERS OF THE 16TH CENTURY.

Among the amusements more peculiarly belonging to the metropolis, and which, better than any other, exhibits the

fashionable mode at that time of disposing of the day, we may enumerate the custom of publicly parading in the middle aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral. During the reign of Elizabeth and James, Paul's Walk, as it was called, was daily frequented by the nobility, gentry, and professional men ; here, from ten to twelve

in the forenoon, and from three to six in the afternoon, they met to converse on business, politics, or pleasure ; and hither too, in order to acquire fashions, form assignations for the gaming table, or shun

the grasp of the bailiff, came the gallant, the gamester, and the debtor, the stale knight, and the captain out of service ; and here it was that Falstaff purchased pretty advantage of compliment. But Bardolph ; "I bought him," says the

jolly knight, "at Paul's."

Of the various purposes for which this temple was frequented by the loungers of the 15th and 16th centuries, Decker has left us a most entertaining account in his tract on this subject, published in 1609, which throws no incurious light on the follies and dissipation of the age.

The supposed tomb of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, but in reality that of Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, appears to have been a privileged part of the cathedral :—"The Duke's tomb," observes Decker, addressing the gallant, "is a sanctuary ; and will keep you alive from worms, and land rats, that long to be feeding on your carcass : there you turn or two, to correct your teeth with may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon ; converse, plot, laugh, and talk

his face ; and in the evening, even by lamp-light, steal out ; and so cozen a whole covey of abominable catch-polls."

Such was the resort of the male fashionable world to this venerable Gothic pile, that it was customary for tradespeople to frequent its aisles for the purpose of collecting the dresses of the day. "If you determine to enter into a new suit, warn your tailor to attend you in Pauls, who, with his hat in his hand, shall, like a spy, discover the stuff, colour, and fashion of any doublet or hose that dare be seen there, and, stepping behind a pillar to fill his table-books with those notes, will presently send you into the world an accomplished man ; by which means you shall wear your clothes in print with the first edition."

The author even condescends to instruct his beau, when he has obtained his suit, how best to exhibit it in St. Paul's, and concludes by pointing out other resources for killing time, or withdrawing from the cathedral. "Bend your course directly in the middle line, that the whole body of the church may appear to be publish your suit in what manner you affect most, either with the slide of your cloak from one shoulder : and then you must, as 'twere in anger, suddenly snatch at the middle of the inside, if it be taffeta at the least ; and so by that means your costly lining is betrayed, or else by the and here it was that Falstaff purchased pretty advantage of compliment. But Bardolph ; "I bought him," says the one note by the way do I especially woo you to, the neglect of which makes many of our gallants cheap and ordinary, that by no means you be seen above four turns ; but in the fifth make yourself away, either in some of the semsters' shops, the new tobacco-office, or amongst the booksellers, where, if you cannot read, exercise your smoke, and inquire who has writ against this divine weed, &c."

After dinner, it was necessary that the finished coxcomb should return to Paul's in a new dress :—"After dinner you may appear again, having translated your Turkey program, if you have that happiness of shifting ; and then be seen, for a be feeding on your carcass : there you turn or two, to correct your teeth with may spend your legs in winter a whole some quill or silver instrument, and to afternoon ; converse, plot, laugh, and talk cleanse your gums with a wrought hand-

kerchief : it skills not whether you dined, or no ; that is best known to your stomach ; or in what place you dined ; though it were with cheese, of your own mother's making, in your chamber or study."

The sopperies exhibited in a place, which ought to have been closed against such unhallowed inmates, rival, if not exceed, all that modern puppyism can produce. The directions which Decker gives to his gallant on quitting St. Paul's in the forenoon, clearly prove, that the loungers in Shakspeare's time are not surpassed, either in affectation or the assumption of petty consequence, by the same worthless class of the nineteenth

century :"—“in which departure,” en-joins the satirist, “if by chance you ei-ther encounter, or aloof off throw your inquisitive eye upon any knight or squire, being your familiar, salute him not by his name of Sir such a one, or so ; but call him Ned, or Jack, &c. This will set off your estimation with great men : and if, though there be a dozen companies between you, 'tis the better, he call aloud to you, for that is most genteel, to know where he shall find you at two o'clock ; tell him at such an ordinary, or such ; and be sure to name those that are dear-est, and whither none but your gallants

From the Panorama, Jan. 1818.

### THE ALCYHMIST.

**T**HE following singular fraud has been committed on a credulous but wealthy native of Madras, by a man pretending to be an Alchymist ; a profession, we had thought, long since exploded. He was prosecuted at the late Sessions at Madras, but no evidence was gone into ; a correct statement of the case, however, has appeared in the *Madras Courier*, of August 5, 1817, which, for its singularity, and the art and cunning displayed by the offender, deserves to be recorded.

This man was a native, thought to possess, as is generally the case with characters of this stamp, more wit and cunning than pagodas. He was a Byragee, professing also to be an Alchymist, and to understand the valuable and generally supposed impenetrable secret of the transmutation of the inferior metals into gold and silver—having discovered a person suited to his purpose, one whom he seems to have considered the reverse of himself—as having more pagodas than cunning ; he, (according to the prosecutor's statement), asks alms at the door of his house, and obtained what he asked ; he visits the house again, and being treated kindly, he tells the owner, if he will furnish a small piece of silver, he will put it through a process by which it shall be doubled ; the silver is furnished, put into a crucible with some lead or copper, and covered with leaves and a powder ; it is then placed over a fire in a room and

locked up during the night. In the morning the door is opened, and behold a piece of silver, double the weight of that furnished, is found in the bottom of the crucible : the Alchymist asks something as a reward for his trouble, and receives the value of the metal he had produced ; his employer, however, naturally asking him how it happened, as he could make silver, that he should continue a Byragee asking alms ; to this he readily replied, he could perform the operation for other people, but was not permitted to do so for himself. He then went away, and at the end of three weeks returned, asking alms as usual, and saying if he were furnished with a larger piece of silver than before, he would make it more productive. The experiment was repeated and with the success predicted ; he did not make his appearance again till about three weeks afterwards, when he said he could perform the same operations with gold as he had done with the silver ; he was furnished with a small piece of gold, which in the morning was found doubled in quantity, as the silver had been ; he repeated the operation more than once at different intervals, and with the like success. Having by these means got complete possession of the mind of his employer, he brought with him at his last visit, a greater quantity of the powder and leaves used in the process, which he produced, desiring a large sum might be

furnished for him to operate with. The master, and all in the house, according to their account, were spell-bound by the Alchymist, and they could deny him nothing ; about 900 pagodas were furnished him, the melting pot was placed on the fire, and the usual preparatory steps taken ; the door was locked and the key given to the servant. In the middle of the night, however, the operator wished to see how the process was going on, and desired the servant to give him the key ; the latter, like his master, felt himself, as he said, obliged to comply with every demand of this transmuter of metals, he therefore gave the key. The operator entered the room, and being satisfied that matters were going on exactly as he wished, he locked the door, gave the key to the servant, and again retired to his usual resting place, under the verandah of the house. He rose very early

in the morning, it appears, and walked quietly away. Before the usual hour, his employer, whose slumbers had doubtless been disturbed by dreams of coming riches, rose also, and repaired with his servant to the room ; the crucible was uncovered, when lo ! instead of the expected golden harvest, a hole was discovered in the bottom of the pot, the gold conveyed away, and a quantity of copper left. After a search of two years, his credulous employer discovered the Alchymist at some distance from Madras, and brought him down to answer at the sessions, for having thus reversed the process of transmutation. Such was the statement of the prosecutor and his servant. The Alchymist was, however, acquitted, in consequence of the prosecutor having communicated with the prisoner through the medium of an interpreter, who was not to be found.

## GOLOWINN'S NARRATIVE OF HIS CAPTIVITY IN JAPAN.

From the Literary Gazette, Jan. 1818.

**NARRATIVE OF MY CAPTIVITY IN JAPAN, DURING THE YEARS 1811, 1812, AND 1813 ; WITH OBSERVATIONS ON THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE. BY CAPTAIN GOLOWINN, R. N. 2 VOL. 8VO. &c. &c.**

OF Japan so little is truly known, that nothing can be published respecting that Empire which is not interesting. This work is eminently so ; for to the abundant notices it contains of Japanese laws, manners, and customs, it joins the most affecting narrative of the adventures and sufferings of the author and his companions in captivity, than which romance of real life, no story ever coined by the brain, can lay a more irresistible hold on the attention and feelings of the reader. The Eastern colouring of the scenery, and characteristics of the actors greatly enhance the novelty and charm of this eventful history ; and the air of fiction which belongs to the extraordinary circumstances of which it is composed is advantageously contrasted with its truth, carrying conviction with every particular, and with the simplicity of a relation at once extraordinary and unquestionable.

It appears that the Emperor of Russia attempted to open a commercial intercourse with Japan, in 1803, through

the negociation of the Chamberlain Resanoff, which ended in a prohibition from that jealous government, forbidding all Russian vessels to approach the coasts of Japan. Resanoff afterwards sailed to America in one of the American Company's ships, commanded by Lieutenant Chwostoff, and died soon after his return to Okotzk. This Chwostoff seems to have been a bad subject : he sailed again, and without provocation attacked and plundered several Japanese villages on the coasts of the Kurile Islands, thus widening the misunderstanding which already existed between the countries. Of this breach Captain Golownin was the unfortunate victim. Having received orders to visit the southern Kurile Islands, some of which are in the possession of the Japanese, he sailed in the Diana sloop, and on the 17th of June, 1811, arrived off the northern extremity of Eetoorpoo, where some communication took place with some of the inhabitants, who induced the Russians to sail for Oorbeetsh, under the hope of obtain-

ing water and provisions. At Eetoor-poo they saw a toian, or chief, of that singular aboriginal race of these islands, carried back to their cages. They received the Hairy Kuriles, and about fifty of those sorely oppressed people, whose bodies are entirely covered with short hairs, and whom their Japanese conquerors use like beasts, which, in this covering, they resemble. From this island they sailed to the eastern coast of Ooroop, and encountering contrary winds for some time, on the 4th of July they reached the Straits between Matsmai and Kimaschier, into the harbour of the latter of which they entered on the following morning. It would extend this sketch far beyond the limits we prescribe for it, were we to enter into a detail of all the transactions which ensued between Captain Golounin and the Japanese. Suffice it to say, that he, with two officers, (Mr. Moor, a midshipman, and Mr. Chlebnikoff, a pilot,) four sailors, and a Russian Kurile named Alexei, in all eight persons, were enticed on shore to a conference, surrounded by armed men, seized, tied with ropes, and marched prisoners up the country. The senior officer on board the Diana, Lieut. Ricord, could do nothing to relieve his companions, thus treacherously entrapped, and returned to Okotzk to devise with the Russian governor the means for their deliverance. Meanwhile, bound in the cruellest manner, with cords round their breasts and necks, their elbows almost constrained to touch, and their hands firmly manacled together, from all which fastenings a string, held by a Japanese keeper, proceeded, who could in an instant tighten the nooses to helplessness or strangulation, these unfortunate men were marched for fifty days, till they reached a prison at a city called Chakodale. Thence, after being confined some time, they were transported to Matsmai, where they were literally imprisoned in large cages. Here they underwent daily and protracted examinations of the strangest nature; but their treatment became gradually ameliorated: their food was better, they were removed under a guard to a house, and were frequently allowed to walk for exercise and health. Despairing of being restored to their country, on the 20th of April an attempt at escape was made by all but Moor and Alexei. The fugitives

underwent incredible hardships, and after ten days wandering were retaken, and carried back to their cages. They received, however, no further ill-treatment: Japan is painted, in all the prior and subsequent proceedings, as a very curious mixture of severity and kindness; always equitable, and always suspicious, aiming at the discovery of the motives of Russia, through investigations the most patient, persevering, and cunning; immovable in adhering to established forms and laws; but withal doing every thing consistent with the security of their prisoners, to render their loss of liberty as consoling as possible. Some of these matters will be further explained in our extracts; and we hasten to wind up the narrative, by stating, that at the end of two years and two months, the negotiations between Siberia and Japan, conducted by the friendly zeal of lieut. Ricord, were brought to a successful issue, the affair of Chwostoff was satisfactorily accounted for, and Captain Golounin and his comrades restored to their families and country.

The chief part of the facts related in these volumes, being detached from the thread of the main story, which details the proceedings of the Japanese authorities, and the behaviour of the prisoners, it will not be easy to preserve any very regular connexion in those points which we select as best calculated to illustrate the peculiar habits and situation of this country; but if the mass furnishes, as we think it will, a lively picture of what is most worthy of observation, we trust the matter will be an apology for the manner.

Among the Japanese customs, it is one not the least singular, to cover all their fortifications outside with cloth, as if to dress the walls for war. White, black, and dark blue striped hangings, conceal entirely the nature of these defences. Their guns are few, and in bad condition; and their gunpowder of an inferior quality. The dress, &c. of the officers and soldiers may be gathered from the following:

"I had not long to wait for the governor (of Kimaschier, the person who managed their seizure): he soon appeared, completely armed, and accompanied by two soldiers, one of them cat-

ried his long spear, and the other his cap, or helmet, which was adorned with a figure of the moon. In other respects it resembled the crowns which are occasionally worn at nuptial-ceremonies in Russia. It is scarcely possible to conceive any thing more ludicrous than the manner in which the governor walked: his eyes were cast down and fixed upon the earth, his hands pressed close against his sides; he besides proceeding at so slow a pace, that he scarcely extended one foot beyond the other, and kept his feet as wide apart as though a stream of water had been running between them."

The next visit on shore was the fatal one of the 11th of July:—

"We proceeded to the castle. On entering the gate, I was astonished at the number of men I saw assembled there. Of soldiers alone, I observed from three to four hundred, armed with muskets, bows and arrows, and spears, sitting in a circle, in an open space to the right: on the left a countless multitude of Kuriles surrounded a tent of striped cotton cloth, erected about thirty paces from the gate.

"We were soon introduced into the tent, on a seat opposite to the entrance of which the governor had placed himself. He wore a rich silk dress, with a complete suit of armour, and had two sabres under his girdle. A long cord of white silk passed over his shoulder; at one end of this cord was a tassel of the same material, and at the other a steel baton, which he held in his hand, and which was doubtless the symbol of his authority. His armour-bearers, one holding a spear, another a musket, and a third his helmet, sat behind him on the floor. The helmet resembled that of the second officer, with this difference, that instead of the moon, it bore the image of the sun. This officer now sat on the left of the governor (the left is the seat of honour among the Japanese), on a seat somewhat lower; he too had his armour-bearers behind him. Four officers were sitting cross-legged on the floor on each side of the tent; they wore black armour, and had each two sabres. On our entrance, the governor and lieutenant-governor rose up; we saluted them in our own manner, and they returned the compliment."

The entertainment consisted of tea,

pipes and tobacco, rice, fish with a green sauce, and other savoury dishes; and concluded, as we have mentioned, with the seizure of the two unsuspecting guests. At other places we find even the common soldiers clothed in rich silks, and their chiefs sometimes holding a sort of balance, as the symbol of authority. The captain of the guard over the prisoners, in approaching one of these on the march, knelt down, and continued long in conversation, with his head inclined towards the earth.

"Old men are usually appointed to the rank which corresponds with that of a serjeant or corporal. They are styled kuminokagshra, or rice commissioners, because their business chiefly consists in receiving rice from the magazines, and dealing it out among the soldiers; for in Japan, a portion of the soldier's pay is given in rice. In Matsmai, and on the Kurile islands, they receive a small sum of money along with the rice."

A number of their domestic habits are described by Captain Golownin, from whose notes we copy the annexed:

"The Japanese beds consist, according to the circumstances of the owners, of large silken or cotton quilts; these quilts are lined with thick wadding, which is taken out previous to their being washed. The Japanese fold thin coverlets double, and spread them on the floor, which, even in the humblest cottages, is covered with beautiful soft straw mats. On retiring to rest, they wrap themselves in large night dresses, with short full sleeves; these likewise either of cotton or silk, and are thickly wadded. Instead of pillows, they make use of pieces of wood, carved in various forms. The common people place under their heads a piece of round wood, hollow at one end, and from custom, sleep as soundly on this, as on the softest pillow. The higher, or richer class, make use of a very neat box, about eleven inches high, to the lid of which an oval cushion is affixed, from six to eight inches in length, and from two to three in breadth. The box contains articles which they make use of at the toilette, such as razors, scissars, pomatum, tooth-brushes, powder, &c."

They are a diminutive race of people, and, with very few exceptions, the Russians, though only middle-sized men,

looked like giants among them. They eat no meat, and their caution in every business of life bespeaks a degree of timidity which may be denominated cowardice. The whole population, and particularly the women, of whom we hear very little, contemplated the prisoners with pity and compassion. From different individuals, and from their guards, they experienced many a secret kindness. Tea, comfits, fruits, sugar, and *sagi*, or *saki*, the wine of Japan, were often privately administered to their wants.

"The Japanese have tea of native growth, both black and green: the former is, however, very bad; it is like the Chinese tea only in colour, but bears no resemblance to it in taste or smell. The Japanese constantly drink it both warm and cold, without sugar, as the Russians do *kivass*; as for the green tea, they drink it seldom, and as a luxury. They previously roast or heat it at the fire, in paper canisters, until the vapour issuing from it has a very strong smell; it is then thrown into a copper tea-kettle, containing boiling water, and thus acquires a particular flavour, of which the Japanese are very fond, though it proved most disagreeable to us: they have no loaf sugar. Muscovado of the best sort is brought to them by the Dutch;\* it is said in little baskets, and very dear. They have brown sugar of their own, but it is very dirty, dark-coloured, and by no means sweet. They seldom drink sugar with their tea; but prefer eating it by itself. They usually take a spoonful in one hand, and eat it like little children. When we offered our guards any of the sugar which had been offered to us in presents, they always refused it with awkward reverences; but no sooner did we fall asleep, than they ate it all up by stealth."

"The Japanese, instead of pocket-handkerchiefs, make use of pieces of paper. The richer class make use of a very fine kind of paper; the poor, on the contrary, use very coarse." [Our prisoners wrote on the pocket-handkerchiefs which were given them.]

"The Japanese neither make use of spoons nor forks, but eat their victuals with two slender reeds. Food of a fluid nature they sip out of the dish, as we do tea.

"The fruits, such as apples, common pears, and bergamots, were not yet perfectly ripe (in August we believe); but they suited the taste of the Japanese, who are extremely fond of acids. In the yard of our house (at Tatsmai) there was a peach tree loaded with fruit, but they plucked all the peaches before they were ripe, and ate them, occasionally giving us some. We could eat them only when they were baked; but the Japanese devoured them with a voracious appetite, either raw or baked.

The Japanese have no looking-glasses. Their metal mirrors are, however, so exquisitely polished, that they are scarcely inferior to the finest glass.

"Wood is the only article used for building in Japan. The Japanese, however, declare that they can build with stone as well as other nations; but they are prevented from so doing on account of the violent earthquakes."

One of these happened while the Russians were at Matsmai.

Their interiors are generally splendid, the large rooms being divided by screens of paper, or wood richly gilded, carved, and adorned with landscapes, &c. like the boxes and cabinets which are imported into Europe. The floors of the great are covered with finely wrought tapestry.

"The Japanese burn a fire on the hearth from morning till evening, both in winter and summer: men and women sit round the fire and smoke tobacco. The kettles are never off the fire, as tea is their common beverage for quenching thirst; if they have no tea, they drink warm water, but never taste cold; even their *sagi* they like better warm than cold.

"They neither wear boots nor shoes, but make, with plaited straw or grass, a kind of sandals."

These are taken off on entering the apartments of the higher ranks; as were also the boots of the prisoners on such occasions. On one of their visits to the *bunyo*, or governor of the city of Matsmai, their escort also left their swords and daggers at the door of the inner court. The *bunyo* on entering was preceded by a person "In an ordinary dress, who came forward, kneeled down, placed the palms of his hands on the floor, and bowed his

\* They call the Dutch "Orando," and the Cape of Good Hope "Kabo."

head. The bunyo was in a common black dress, on the sleeves of which, as is the custom with all the Japanese, his armorial bearings were embroidered ; he had a dagger at his girdle, and his sabre was carried by one of his suite ; he held the weapon near the extremity with the handle upward ; but a cloth was wrapped round the part which he grasped, to prevent his naked hand from coming in contact with it.

“ Playing at cards and draughts are very common amusements among the Japanese. They are fond of playing for money, and will stake their last piece upon a game. They were taught to play at cards by the Dutch sailors, who were allowed free intercourse with the inhabitants, and in Nangasak were permitted to visit taverns, and women of a certain character ; who in Japan carry on their trade of prostitution under the protection of the laws. The cards were at first known to the Japanese by their Euro-

pean names, and there were fifty-two in a pack. Owing, however, to the pecuniary losses, and fatal disputes to which card-playing gave rise, that amusement was strictly prohibited in Japan. In order to evade the law, the Japanese invented a pack of forty-eight cards, which are much smaller than ours, and which are generally used. Their game at draughts is extremely complicated and difficult. They make use of a very large draught-board and 400 men, which they move about in many different directions, and which are liable to be taken in various ways.”

The Russian sailors taught them the European game, which speedily became general.

We must here close our remarks for the present, reserving for our next number the extracts which develope the state of learning, the division of time, the punishments, the commerce, and the opinions of this retired and singular people.

## VARIETIES :

### CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

From the New Monthly Magazine, February 1818.

#### SONG OF “ MARY’S DREAM.”

**I**N our last number was recorded the death of Mrs. Mary M’Lellan, the heroine of the popular ballad of *Mary’s Dream*. The following particulars, relative to that subject, extracted from a late Scottish publication are given on the authority of a person who visited her a few months before her decease.

On the 8th of May 1817, the writer of this called on Mrs. M’Lellan, and spent an hour or two with her. The following is the substance of the conversation, which turned chiefly on her early days. Being from the same neighbourhood, and well acquainted with the circumstances of each other’s families, I asked her if she recollects the time when she was the celebrated Mary in the song of ‘Mary Dream?’ She said she did perfectly, and repeated, in substance, the much-famed ballad, but observed that it was somewhat altered from the first composition and recital. I asked her if she

did not understand that the Rev. Mr. N. M’Kie, of Crossmichael, had been considered the author of it? She instantly replied, *Never* ;—that Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Lowe alone, composed it : and that he produced it a day or two after the accounts arrived of ‘Sandy,’ or Dr. Miller’s\* death, who had gone abroad to pursue his profession. The circumstances, she continued, were as follow :—She had mentioned to her sisters, some time previous, that she had seen Sandy Miller in a vision during a fever, when they rallied her very much about it. One morning, when they were at breakfast, the account of his death was announced ; she was much affected, and rose up to go into the garden. She met Mr. Lowe on the stairs, but she did not speak ; and when he got into the room he asked what was amiss with Miss Mary? They said she had received bad news, and told him the circumstances ; and, in a short time, he produced the ballad.

\* To whom Miss Mary M’Gee was engaged.

**EXTRAORDINARY SENTENCE.**

The following sentence was lately every stranger. The fugitive crept in at put in execution at Guernsey, on a low aperture, dragging his stores along. female servant who was convicted of concealing her pregnancy, and of the murder of her infant. At twelve o'clock at noon, the prisoner was conducted from the prison to the Court-house between the halberds, and in one of the lower rooms she was stripped barefoot, and clothed in a kid white shift made for the occasion; she was bare headed, and from that room she was led up stairs to the door of the Court, where she received from the hangman (*l'executeur des hautes œuvres*) a lighted candle, weighing two pounds, and two feet long made expressly for the purpose. Thus equipped, she presented herself at the bar of the Court; and falling on her knees, she asked pardon for her crimes in these words:—“I ask pardon of God, the King, and of Justice!” An immense crowd of people were present, who came from all parts of Guernsey to witness so novel a spectacle.

**BARBARITY OF ALI-PACHA.**

A letter from Smyrna of Oct. 15, 1817, states, that Ali-Pacha, the Governor of Epirus and Thessaly, some months since, ordered a beautiful Greek lady, named Euphrosyne, of whom his eldest son, Muctar Pacha, was enamoured, to be drowned in the sea of Jannina, with fifteen of her female friends; but, as none of his subjects would execute his commands, he had the barbarity to carry them personally into effect.

**NATURAL HISTORY.****REMARKABLE ATTACHMENT OF A GOAT.**

After the battle of Preston in November, 1715, a gentleman concealed himself in Perthshire several months, till two severe wounds permitted him to travel. He reached the west Highlands early in June, and was received by a lady, his near relation with the most cordial sympathy in his misfortunes. Her husband

were known to watch the movements of put in execution at Guernsey, on a low aperture, dragging his stores along. When he reached a wider and more lofty expanse, he found some obstacle before him. He drew his dirk, but unwilling to strike, lest he might take the life of a companion in seclusion—he stooped down, and discovered a goat with her berds, and in one of the lower rooms she was led up stairs to the door of the Court, where she received from the hangman (*l'executeur des hautes œuvres*) a lighted candle, weighing two pounds, and two feet long made expressly for the purpose. Thus equipped, she presented herself at the bar of the Court; and falling on her knees, she asked pardon for her crimes in these words:—“I ask pardon of God, the King, and of Justice!” An immense crowd of people were present, who came from all parts of Guernsey to witness so novel a spectacle.

bound it up with his garter, and offered her a share of the bread beside him; but she hung out her tongue, as if to apprise him that her mouth was parched with thirst. He gave her water, which she easily at the bar of the Court; and falling gerly lapped up, and then took a little on her knees, she asked pardon for her bread. After midnight, he ventured to look out; all was still. He plucked an armful of grass, and cut tender twigs which the goat accepted with manifestations of joy and thankfulness. The prisoner derived much comfort in having a living creature in his dungeon. He cared for and fed her tenderly. The kid frisked about, and its gambols cheered his spirits. In a fortnight the dam was able to go out a little, but invariably returned to her friend. The man who was entrusted to bring him supplies fell sick; and when another attempted to penetrate in the cavern, the goat furiously opposed him, presenting her horns in all directions, till the fugitive hearing a disturbance came forward. This new attendant having given the watch-word, removed every doubt of his good intentions, and the

Amazon of the recess obeyed her benefactor in permitting him to advance. All that had a band of military attacked the re-cluse his grateful patient would have died in his defence.

The goat possesses fervent affections, and remarkable sagacity. Her devices to hide her young from the fox are admirable. She discerns the enemy at a great distance, conceals her treasure in a thick wood, might be implicated in his denunciations as a traitor. A faithful servant conducted him to the mouth of a cave and loaded the place where the kid is crouching, but with provisions, set them down at the entrance, retiring hastily, as his appearance near it might excite suspicion in fatigued and agitated persons, who for the hope of reward should be near when she descredes

the fox, she mounts upon it, taking her young one under her body. The fox goes round and round to catch an opportunity for making a spring at the little trembler, and there has been instances of his seizing it, but the goat thrusts her horns in his flank with such force, as to be unable to withdraw them, and all have been found dead at the bottom of the precipice. It is a fact that the goats know their progeny to several generations, and each tribe herds together, on the hills, or reposes in the cot in separate parties.

#### NEW WORK.

*Lines suggested by the Death of the Princess Charlotte.* By THOMAS GENT, Esq.

Our age is becoming more poetical ; the vigour and restlessness of the English mind, which had found such long and deep occupation in politics, is now turning to nobler pursuits, if nobleness is to be estimated by its influence on civilization. We are not now about to institute the comparison between the values of a pamphlet and a poem. The same intellect may be employed in both ; but unquestionably the poem appeals to a finer rank of feeling ; by a finer operation of mind, rests its distinction on embodying in it those impressions of our purer nature, which cannot be recognized without creating something of a similar spirit, and by its essential beauty gives the whole powerful and permanent influence that is to be found in the imagination of man. We here of course speak of poetry in its stateliest and most elevated form, the language of truth, sensibility and wisdom ; a splendid and rare visitant of the earth, in which the moral dignity, and solemn communication of the descended angel, are not diminished, but heightened, by its innocence and its beauty, by the simple whiteness of its vesture, and the celestial roses on its brow. The facility with which verses may be written, and the unfortunate subjects on which it has not unfrequently been employed by the idlers of the world, have naturally tended to lower its repute among the active and shallow spirits that make up mature society ; but to the man of deeper knowledge, it is enough for his estimation and honour, to know that poetry is

one of the products of the mind in its most powerful operation, with all its vigour, however silently, in act, heaping together, into that one secret reservoir and furnace, its whole treasure of knowledge and experience of other hearts, and trial of its own. We cannot help looking on the present popularity of the higher ranks of poetry as among the finest omens of an age, which, if we are not altogether deceived, is destined to throw all the past into the shade, and to be memorable to all the future, by a grand and general advance in happiness, illumination, and virtue.

“ Wherefore should this music be, i'th' air or the earth ?  
This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owns.—

And thus, like Ferdinand, after having struggled through the storm, we may be led by voices and forms of undying sweetness, to the nobler enjoyments and duties of life ; to the restoration of what was unjustly fallen ; and the vanishing of those brilliant fallacies by which we have been surrounded, for the serious and lofty service of mankind. We have certainly none of the headlong calculation of enthusiasts upon this topic, and are fully aware of the folly of an age of rhyme ; but if meditation, keen pursuit of our own thoughts, the thirst for intellectual accomplishments, and the passion for all that is graceful, touching, and picturesque in nature, belong to poetry, it could not become the practice of the age, without raising up a race of men of a nobler stature, both of the heart and the understanding.

We must now turn to Mr. GENT's poem. It opens with an animated address to the spirit of the country.

“ Genius of England ! wherefore to the earth  
Is thy plum'd helm, thy peerless sceptre cast ?  
Thy Courts of late, with mirth and mirth,  
Rang jubilant, and dazzling pageants past ;  
Kings, heroes, martial triumphs, nuptial rites—  
Now,—like a cypress, shiver'd by the blast,  
Or mountain cedar which the lightning smites  
In dust and darkness,—sinks thy head declined,  
Thy tresses streaming wild on ocean's reckless wind.”

The poet then gives a brief glance at the triumphs of our day, the firmness of the country under trials, and the full and glorious fame which she had established for ever.

“ Then, wherefore, Albion ! terror-struck, subdued,  
Sits thou, thy state foregone, thy banner furl'd ;

What dire infliction shakes that fortitude,  
Which propt the falling fortunes of the world?"

The cause is given in "The death-note peal'd from yon terrific bell." The character of the Princess Charlotte is then sketched, and here we regret the haste in which the author dismissed his performance. The circumstances attendant on the education of this destined inheritor of a throne were too singular and too interesting not to have deserved a more extended memorial; that admirable mixture of simplicity and strength in her mind, which made of a person so young, and so little engaged in public life, so eminent a source of hope in her life, and sorrow in her decease, might have merited a more minute detail. However, what there is, is eloquent and energetic.

" Lost excellence ; what harp shall hymn thy worth,  
Nor wrong the theme ? Conspicuously in thee,  
Beyond the blind pre-eminence of birth,  
Shone nature in her own regality.  
Coere'd, thy spirit smil'd—sedate in pride,  
Fixt as the pine while circling storms contend ;  
But when in life's serener duties tried,  
How sweetly did its gentle essence blend  
All beauteous in the wife, the daughter, and the  
friend !  
  
Not lull'd in languors, indolent and weak,  
Nor wing'd by pleasure, fled thy early hours ;  
But ceaseless vigils blanch'd thy virgin cheek  
In silent study's dim-sequester'd bowers :  
  
But chiefly conscious of thy promised throne,  
Intent to grace that destiny sublime,  
Thou sought'st to make the historic page thine own,  
And view the treasures of recorded time ;  
The forms of polity, the springs of power ;  
Exploring still with unexhausted zeal,  
Still the pale star that led thy studious hour  
Through thought's unfolding tracts,—*Thy Country's Wealth.*"

The poem advances to its close with some reflections of true poetical richness of allusion, and sweetness of language.

'Tis past—thy name, with every charm it bore,  
Melts on our souls, like music heard no more.  
The dying minstrel's last ecstatic strain,  
Which mortal hands shall never wake again.  
But if, blest Spirit ! in thy shrine of light,  
Life's transient ties be not forgotten quite,  
If that bright sphere where raptured seraphs glow,  
Permit communion with this world of woe,—

The poet solicits her to pour balm upon the general sorrow, and promises her the general memory.

" Spontaneous incense o'er thy tomb shall rise,  
And, midst the dark vicissitudes that wait  
Earth's balanc'd empire in the scales of fate,  
Be thou our angel advocate the while,  
And gleam, a guardian saint, around thy native Isle."

Farther than these extracts, our readers must look to the poem, and we presume that from these, they will look with curiosity and pleasure. Its fault is the imperfection arising from its brevity; its merit, vigorous thought in vigorous language, a masculine seizure of the leading ideas which should constitute character, to the neglect of that multitude of inferior conceptions, which load, without filling the sketch. Mr. Gent has but once used the common-place, the tempting, and from universal evidence, we suppose, the irresistible common-place of allusions to dying lilies and new cropt roses; and, on the whole, he may congratulate himself on the distinction of having produced the best poem on a subject which has engaged the national mind, and which was worthy of all its sorrow, and all its genius.—*Lit. Gaz. Jan. 1818.*

#### SEA MONSTER.

Letters from Marseilles state, that a sea monster of enormous dimensions, has been seen on the coast of Calabria. Some fisherman perceiving a fire in the sea, and thinking that it was a coasting vessel, which was in need of assistance, approached the monster, whose motions caused a phosphoric light, which was what they had mistaken for a fire. They soon perceived a thick smoke, heard a hollow bellowing mugient sound, and the agitation of the waves was such, that the boats were obliged to return precipitately to the shore. According to their account, the monster raised itself to a prodigious height, and then replunged into the waves; so that, though the night was very calm, they were covered with spray. One would be almost inclined to think, that the great sea-serpent, which was seen some time ago on the American coast, had crossed the Atlantic.

#### DEATH OF ONE OF THE INDIAN JUGGLERS.

A private letter from Dublin, Jan. 13, 1818, mentions the following melancholy accident: "One of the tricks performed by the Indian Jugglers now exhibiting their art in that city, is the catching of a ball between the teeth fired from a pistol. At a recent exhibition, the pistol, according to custom, was handed to a young Gentleman, one of the company, for the purpose of firing it. He did so, and shot the unfortunate Juggler through the

head. It is supposed that a pistol actually loaded with powder and ball, was, by mistake, substituted for that prepared in the usual way."

#### DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BEFORE COLUMBUS.

DR. DEUBER in his History of the Navigation in the Atlantic Ocean, thinks that not only the continent of America was known to the ancients, but also that the compass was known before the time of Flavio Gioja. He quotes an obscure passage in Ammianus Marcellinus, beside others equally obscure in Plato, derived from the Egyptians. But his

stronger proofs rest on discoveries made by the Normans, before A. D. 805, when, he states, that they knew of the American coast. To which he adds the report made by Columbus himself, to Raphael de Sanxis, Grand Treasurer to the king of Spain.

#### ANECDOTE.

The celebrated comic actor Brunet, at Paris, who has a numerous family, never suffers his children to visit the theatre where he performs, lest by seeing and laughing at their father in the performance of ridiculous characters, they should insensibly lose the filial respect due from children to their parents.

#### TIME'S TELESCOPE, FOR APRIL.

From "Time's Telescope."

The gorse is yellow on the heath,  
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,  
The oaks are budding, and beneath  
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,  
    The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,  
    The Swallow, too, is come at last;  
Just at sun-set, when thrushes sing,  
I saw her dash with rapid wing,  
    And hailed her as she passed.

Come, summer visitant, attach  
    To my reed roof your nest of clay  
And let my ear your music catch  
Low twittering underneath the thatch,  
    At the green dawn of day.

APRIL is derived from *Aprilis*, of *aperio*, I open; because the earth, in this month, begins to open her bosom for the production of vegetables. The Saxons called this month *oster-monut*, from the goddess Goster, or because the winds were found to blow generally from the east in this month.

#### ALL FOOLS' DAY, APRIL 1.

On this day idle people strive to make as many fools as they can: the wit chiefly consists in sending persons on what are called sleeveless errands, for the *History of Eve's mother*, for *pigeon's milk*, *stirrup oil*, and similar absurdities.

4, 1774.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH DIED.

Thou seest the tomb of Oliver; retire,  
    Unholy feet, nor o'er his ashes tread.  
Ye whom the deeds of old, verse, nature, fire,  
    Mourn Nature's priest, the bard, historian, dead.

JOHNSON.

#### SAINT AMBROSE, APRIL 4.

Our saint was born about the year 340, and was educated in his father's palace, who was Praetorian Praefect of Gaul. He ruled over the see of Milan with great piety and vigilance for more than twenty years; during which time, he gave all his money to pious uses, and settled the reversion of his estate upon the church. He converted the celebrated St. Augustine to the faith, and at his baptism, in a miraculous manner, composed that divine hymn, so well known in the church by the name of *Te Deum*. He died aged 57, in the year 396.

The 10th of April is observed by the Jews, as the anniversary of the death of the two sons of Aaron.—The 16th of April, also, is commemorated by this people, on account of the death of Eli the High-priest and his two sons, and the loss of the Ark.

#### BUFFON DIED, APRIL 16, 1788.

At Montbard, in France, in the route from Paris to Dijon, the house in which Buffon spent the greatest part of his life may yet be inspected by the curious traveller. It is in the high street, and the court is behind. You ascend a staircase to go into the garden, raised on the ruins of the antient mansion, of which the walls make the terraces. On the top there still remains a lofty octagon tower, where Buffon made his observations on the reverberation of the air. This singular and picturesque garden is

well worthy of notice. In quitting this declared war against the Christian religion, interesting spot, the column erected to St. George laid aside the marks of his Buffon by his son is seen, on which there dignity, threw up his commission and was once the following inscription : ‘*Excelsæ turri humiles columna—Parenti suo filius Buffon.*’ That revolution which caused these words to be effaced, also condemned to the scaffold the writer of them, who died, pronouncing only, in a calm and dignified tone, ‘*Citizens, my name is—BUFFON !*

#### SAINT DOMINIC, APRIL 21, 1219.

Found at Paris thirty of his religious followers in the chapel of St. James, and, in consequence of the name of the chapel and the street where it stood, he called them *Jacobins*. This was the origin of an Order which exercised great power over kings. St. Louis had so much love for this community, that he wished to be made a Jacobin. He proposed his design to the queen, and conjured her not to oppose it. That princess immediately sent for her children and the Earl of Anjou, brother of the King ; she demanded of the first whether they would prefer being the sons of a priest rather than the sons of a king ? And, without waiting for their answer, she exclaimed, ‘The Jacobins have worked on the mind of your father, and persuaded him to abdicate the throne in order to become a priest and a preacher.’ At these words, the Earl of Anjou expressed his determination to oppose the king and the priests ; and the eldest son of the monarch swore by St. Denis, that, if ever he came to the throne, he would drive every mendicant idle priest out of his kingdom. The fanatic passion of St. Louis for crusades brought him to his death, near the ruins of Carthage, fighting against *Mussulmen* in a country where Dido had established the gods of the Syrians. This king extended that religious enthusiasm which depopulated Europe during two centuries.

#### SAINT GEORGE, APRIL 23.

This illustrious saint, termed, by the Greeks, the ‘great martyr,’ was born in Cappadocia, of noble Christian parents. He was strong and robust in body, and, having embraced the profession of a soldier, was made a tribune or colonel in the army under Dioclesian : his courage and constancy soon induced the emperor to promote him. But that prince having

posts, and complained to the emperor himself of his severities and bloody edicts. He was immediately cast into prison, and tried first by promises ; and afterward put to the question, and tortured with great cruelty : but nothing could shake his constancy. The next day he was led through the city and beheaded, in the year 290. Under the name and ensign of St. George, Edward III, in 1330, instituted the most noble order of knighthood in Europe.

St. George is the patron Saint of England ; for this the following reason is assigned : When Robert, Duke of Normandy, the son of William the Conqueror, was fighting against the Turks, and laying siege to the famous city of Antioch, which was expected to be relieved by the Saracens, St. George appeared with an innumerable army coming down from the hills all clad in white, with a red cross on his banner, to reinforce the christians ; this so terrified the infidels, that they fled and left the christians in possession of the town. Under the name and ensign of St. George, our victorious Edward III, in 1344, instituted the most noble Order of the Garter. Its establishment is dated fifty years before the knights of St. Michael were instituted in France by Lewis XI. eighty years before the Order of the Golden Fleece, established by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy ; and one hundred and ninety before the order of St. Andrew was set up in Scotland by James V. The Emperor Frederic IV. instituted, in 1470, an order of knights in honour of St. George ; and an honourable military order in Venice bears his name. St. George is usually painted on horseback, and tilting at a dragon under his feet : but this representation is no more than an emblematical figure, purporting, that by his faith and christian fortitude, he conquered the devil, called the dragon in the Apocalypse.

#### SHAKSPEARE BORN, APRIL 23, 1564.

What needs my *Shakspeare* for his honoured bones,  
The labour of an age in piled stones ;  
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid  
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid ?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?

Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
Has built thyself a live-long monument ;  
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,  
Thy easy numbers flow ; and that each heart  
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,  
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,  
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;  
And, so sepulchered, in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.—*Milton.*

## CERVANTES DIED, APRIL 23, 1616.

Great sage, whose wand at one commanding stroke  
Each antique pile of elfin fabric broke ;  
From midnight speetres purged the sorcerer's cell,  
And burst stern chivalry's fantastie spell.

More than twelve thousand copies of the first part of Don Quixote were circulated before the second could be got ready for the press ; an amazing rapidity of sale, at a time when the readers and purchasers of books were but an inconsiderable number, compared with what they are now. The very children, says Cervantes, handle it, boys read it, men understand, and old people applaud the performance. It is no sooner laid down by one, than another takes it up ; some struggling, and some entreating for a sight of it. In fine, continues he, this history is the most delightful, and the least prejudicial entertainment, that ever was seen ; for, in the whole book, there is not the least shadow of a dishonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good catholic.

## SHAKSPEARE DIED, APRIL 23, 1616.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing :  
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.  
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew :  
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,  
Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose ;  
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seemed it winter still, and, you awny,  
As with your shadow I with these did play :

The forward violet thus did I chide ;—  
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that  
smells,  
If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,  
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.  
The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair ;  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white despair ;  
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,  
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath ;

But for this theft, in pride of all his growth  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.  
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

## SAINT MARK, APRIL 25.

St. Mark's Gospel was written in the year 63. The order of Knights of St. Mark at Venice, under the protection of this evangelist, was instituted in the year 787, the reigning doge being always grand master :—their motto was ‘*Pax tibi, Marce, Evangelista Meus.*’

On the 25th of April, or 15th day of Nisan, is celebrated the Jewish festival of the passover, or the Paschal Lamb, according to the directions given in the twelfth chapter of Exodus from the third to the twentieth verse, beginning with the words ‘*Speak ye unto all the congregation of Israel, saying, in the tenth day of this month (Nisan) they shall take to them every man a lamb without blemish, a male of the first year.*’ On this occasion, every house was not only ordered to provide a lamb to be killed on the fourteenth day in the evening, but its blood was to be sprinkled on the door-posts, and the lamb eaten by the people in their travelling attire, because it was known, that in consequence of the dreadful plagues, the Egyptians would send them forth in haste. They were also ordered to take of the blood, and strike it on the two side posts of the door, and on the upper door-post of their houses, in order that, when the destroying angel passed through to smite all the first-born of the land of Egypt, seeing this blood, he would *pass over* the children of Israel, so that the plague should not be upon them to destroy them. This feast of the Paschal Lamb, or the Passover, was therefore ordered to be kept throughout all generations, by an ordinance, for ever.

This festival is also called the Feast of *Unleavened Bread*, which is commanded to be eaten seven days :—the particular precepts for its observance are to be found in the twelfth chapter of Exodus, from the fifteenth to the twentieth verses. The prohibition against eating any kind of leavened bread, during seven days, is enforced from several considerations, but, principally, because on this *self-same day* the Lord brought the armies of the Israelites out of the land of Egypt ; and be-

cause whoever eateth that which is leavened, even that soul shall be cut off from the congregation of Israel, whether he be a stranger or born in the land.

Among the antient Jews at Jerusalem, it was customary, when criminals had been condemned to death, to reserve them for execution till the celebration of the most solemn feasts, of which there were three in the year; viz. the *Passover*, the *Feast of Weeks*, and the *Feast of Tabernacles*. Then, when the Jews came

up to Jerusalem to sacrifice, these malefactors were executed, in order that all Israel might see and fear.

#### ROGATION SUNDAY, APRIL 30.

This day takes its name from the Latin term *rogare*, to ask; because, on the three subsequent days, *supplications* were appointed by Mamertus, Bishop of Vienne, in the year 469, to be offered up with fasting to God, to avert some particular calamities that threatened his diocese.

## BIOGRAPHICAL PORTRAITS.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

### VIZIER ALLY.

**A**MONG the deaths mentioned in the Calcutta papers we find that of Vizier Ally, once Nabob of Oude; but being deposed by the East India Company, he was subsequently, and in consequence of the treacherous murder of Mr. Cherry, and others, at Benares, confined for life in a room made to resemble an iron cage, in Fort William, where he lingered out an imprisonment of 17 years, three months, and four days. He died in May last, at the age of only 36.

As a relation of the vicissitudes of fortune which this young man experienced, with the circumstance of his long imprisonment, may not prove uninteresting to the reader, we shall here subjoin it.

aces, 1200 elephants, 3000 fine saddle-horses, 1500 double-barrel guns, 1700 superb lustres, 30,000 shades of various forms and colours; several hundred large mirrors, girandoles, and clocks; some of the latter were very curious, richly set with jewels, having figures in continual movement, and playing tunes every hour, two of these clocks cost him 30,000*l.*—Without taste or judgment, he was extremely solicitous to possess all that was elegant and rare; he had instruments and machines of every art and science, but he knew none; and his museum was so ridiculously disposed, that a wooden cuckoo clock was placed close to a superb time-piece which cost the price of a diadem: and a valuable land-

Vizier Ally was the adopted son of Asufud-Dowlah, late Nabob of Oude. His mother was the wife of a Forash (a menial servant of low description; employed in India in keeping the metallic furniture of a house clean). His reputed father, Asufud-Dowlah, was a wealthy eccentric Prince.—Having succeeded to the musnud (throne) of Oude by the assistance of the East India Company, he professed great partiality to the English. “Mild in manners, polite and affable in his conduct, he possessed no great mental powers; his heart was good, considering his education, which instilled the most despotic ideas. He was fond of lavishing his treasures on gardens, palaces, horses, elephants, European guns, lustres, and mirrors. He expended every year about 200,000*l.* in English manufactures. This Nabob had more than an hundred gardens, 20 pal-

sage of Claude Lorraine, suspended near a board painted with ducks and drakes. He sometimes gave a dinner to ten or twelve persons, sitting at their ease in a carriage drawn by elephants. His haughty carriage contained above 500 of the greatest beauties of India, immured in high walls, and which they were never to leave, except on their biers. He had an immense number of domestic servants, and a very large army, besides being fully protected from hostile invasion by the Company's subsidiary forces, for which he paid 500,000*l.* per annum. His jewels amounted to about eight millions sterling.—Amidst this precious treasure, he might be seen for several hours every day, handling them as a child does his toys.” Asufud-Dowlah had no legitimate children, and it was doubted whether he had any natural ones. He was in the habit whenever he saw a pregnant woman, whose appearance struck

his fancy, to invite her to the Palace to lie-in ; and several women of this description were delivered there, and among the number was the mother of Vizier Ally. Several children, so delivered, were brought up and educated in the Palace.

The sprightliness of Vizier Ally, while yet an infant, so entirely engrossed the affections of the old Nabob, that he determined to adopt him. In conformity with this resolution, the youth received an education suitable to a Prince who was destined to succeed to the musnud. He is said, however, to have developed at this period a propensity to delight in the sufferings of the brute creation. The affection of the old Nabob towards his adopted son still increasing, he lavished upon him every mark of regard.

At thirteen his marriage took place. To give an idea of the splendour which attached to his youth, and from which he subsequently fell, the following account of his nuptials is extracted from Forbes's *Oriental Memoirs* :

"The wedding of Vizier Ally was celebrated at Lucknow, in 1795, and was one of the most magnificent in modern times.

"The Nabob had his tents pitched on the plains, near the city of Lucknow ; among the number were two remarkably large, made of strong cotton cloth, lined with the finest English broadcloth, cut in stripes of different colours, with cords of silk and cotton. These two tents cost five lacks of rupees, or above 50,000*l.* sterling ; they were each 120 feet long, 60 broad, and the poles about 60 feet high : the walls of the tents were ten feet high ; part of which were cut into lattice-work, for the women of the Nabob's seraglio, and those of the principal Nobility to see through. His Highness was covered with jewels, to the amount, at least, of two millions sterling. From thence we removed to the shumeeana, which was illuminated by 200 elegant girandoles, from Europe, as many glass shades with wax candles, and several hundred flambeaux ; the glare and reflection was dazzling and offensive to the sight. When seated under this extensive canopy, above a hundred dancing girls, richly dressed, went through their

elegant, but rather lascivious dances and motions, and sung some soft airs of the country, chiefly Persic and Hindoo-Persic.

"About seven o'clock, the bridegroom, Vizier Ally, the young Nabob, made his appearance, so absurdly loaded with jewels, that he could scarcely stagger under the precious weight. The bridegroom was about thirteen years of age, the bride ten ; they were both of a dark complexion, and not handsome.

"From the shumeeana we proceeded on elephants to an extensive and beautiful garden about a mile distant. The procession was grand beyond conception ; it consisted of about 1200 elephants richly caparisoned, drawn up in a regular line, like a regiment of soldiers. About a hundred elephants in the centre, had houdahs or castles, covered with silver ; in the midst of these appeared the Nabob, mounted on an uncommonly large elephant, within a houdah covered with gold, richly set with precious stones. The elephant was caparisoned with cloth of gold. On his right hand was Mr. George Johnstone, the British resident at the Court of Lucknow ; on his left the young bridegroom : the English gentlemen and ladies and the native nobility were intermixed on the right and left. On both sides of the road, from the tent to the garden, were raised artificial scenery of bamboo-work, very high, representing bastions, arches, minarets, and towers, covered with lights in glass lamps, which made a grand display. On each side of the procession, in front of the line of elephants, were dancing girls superbly dressed (on platforms supported and carried by bearers), who danced as we went along. These platforms consisted of a hundred on each side of the procession, all covered with gold and silver cloths, with two girls and two musicians at each platform.

"The ground from the tent to the garden, forming the road on which we moved, was inlaid with fire-works ; at every step of the elephants, the earth burst before us, and threw up artificial stars in the heavens, to emulate those created by the hand of Providence ; besides innumerable rockets, and many hundred wooden shells that burst in the air, and shot forth a thousand fiery serpents ; these, wind-

ing through the atmosphere, illuminated and Sadut Ally, the brother of the late the sky, and, aided by the light of the Nabob, was placed on it. A pension bamboo scenery, turned a dark night into was assigned to Vizier Ally of two lacs a bright day. The procession moved on of rupees per annum, about 25,000*l.*; very slowly, to give time for the fire- but it was considered necessary that he works inlaid in the ground to go off. The should reside near the Presidency, that whole of this grand scene was further he might be more under the eye of Gov-lighted by above 3000 flambeaux, car- ernment. He, in consequence, proceeded by men hired for the occasion. In ed from Lucknow to Benares, where this manner we moved on in stately Mr. Cherry, the Company's Resident, pomp to the garden, which, though only was to make arrangements for his pro-a mile off, we took two hours to reach. ceeding to the Presidency. Shortly af-When we arrived at the garden-gate, we ter his arrival at Benares, Mr. Cherry in-descended from the elephants, and enter- vited him to breakfast. He came attend-ed the garden, illuminated by innumer-a ble transparent paper lamps or lanterns, been previously intimated to Mr. Cherry of various colours, suspended to the that his appearance was hostile, and that branches of the trees. In the centre of he ought to be on his guard ; but he dis-the garden, was a large edifice, to which regarded the caution. Vizier Ally com-we ascended, and were introduced into plained much of the Company's treat-a grand saloon, adorned with girandoles ment of him ; and, in fine, at a signal and pendant lustres of English manufac-mades by him, several of his attendants ture, lighted with wax candles. Here rushed in and cut Mr. Cherry and his as-we had an elegant and sumptuous colla-sistant, Mr. Graham, to pieces. They tion of European and Indian dishes, with then went away in the intention of pro-wines, fruits, and sweetmeats ; at the ceeding to the house of Mr. Davis, ano-same time, about a hundred dancing-girls ther European gentleman, holding a high sung their sprightly airs, and performed situation under Government, with a view of massacreing him also ; but fortunately their native dances.

“ Thus passed the time until dawn, he got some intimation of his danger be-when we all returned to our respective fore they arrived, and got his family to homes, delighted and wonder-struck with the top of the house, and posted himself this enchanting scene, which surpassed in at the summit of a narrow circular stone splendour every entertainment of the staircase. Here the ruffians pursued kind beheld in this country. The affa-him, but with a hog-spear he defended ble Nabob rightly observed, with a little himself for a considerable length of time, Asiatic vanity, that such a spectacle was killing several of his assailants, which, in never before seen in India, and never a manner, blocked up the passage, till at would be seen again. The whole ex-length he was rescued by a party of the pence of this marriage-feast, which was Company's troops stationed at Benares, repeated for three successive nights in the which came to his assistance. The fol-same manner, cost upwards of 300,000*l.* lowers of Vizier Ally killed another Eu-sterling.”

European private gentleman, residing at

When Vizier Ally was recognised by Benares, exclusive of the two public officials Asuf as his successor to the throne, great fears above-mentioned. Vizier Ally opposition was manifested by the old made his escape into the territory of Nabob's family. He was, however, on the Rajah of Berar, a powerful and inde-the death of the latter, upheld by the pendent Chief, who refused to give him English Government, and placed on the up unless under a promise of his life be-throne.—An adopted child, by the Mo-ing spared. This the English Govern-hamedan Law, is entitled to all the priv- ment considered it expedient to accede ileges of legitimate birth. Vizier Ally, to ; and he was accordingly given up after being placed on the throne, shewed and brought down to Calcutta, and con-a turbulent, restless, and intriguing tem-fined in the garrison of Fort William in a per, and broke his faith with the English kind of iron cage, and here died after an Government : the consequence of which imprisonment of 17 years and odd was, his being deposed from the musnud, months, as above-mentioned.

## POETRY.

From the Literary Gazette, January 17, 1818.

## URIEL.

*These Lines were written after seeing a beautiful Picture of Uriel, by Mr. Allston.*

TWAS as the artist fashion'd it---  
A thing of Heav'n, fair, listening---  
beautiful---  
How like a young divinity it shone,  
Dazzling the sight! ---Thus look'd Apollo in  
His youth; and thus, yet more like things o'  
the air,  
The delicate Ganymede, or that sleeping boy  
Whom Dian kiss'd o' nights:---  
But in my dream,  
I saw again the sky-born messenger---  
It stood before me---clear---as now I see  
These forms o' the earth. It was a shape of  
power,  
And unimaginable beauty, clad  
In a vest of brightness (star-dropt)---arm'd with  
A spear (celestial temper) while around  
Blaz'd circling light---intense---and far beyond  
Those sheeted lightnings that, by night, cast  
out  
Their splendours o'er the line,---or the fierce  
fires  
With which the heathen worshippers invest  
Olympian Jove.---Inclin'd, the vision spoke  
Cheering, and as it spoke, the air became  
Painfully sweet---such odours as the rose  
Wastes on the summer air, or such as rise  
From beds of hyacinths, or from jasmine  
flowers;  
Or when the blue-ey'd violet weeps upon  
Some sloping bank remote, while the young  
sun  
(Creeping within her sheltering bower of  
leaves)  
Dries up her tears, were nought---fantastical---  
It spoke---in tones cathedral organs, touch'd  
By master-hands, ne'er gave---nor April winds,  
Wandering thro' harps Æolian---nor the note  
Of pastoral pipe, heard on the Garonne banks  
At eventide---nor Spanish youth's guitar,  
Night-touch'd---nor strains that take the  
charmed ear,  
Breath'd by the 'witching dames of Italy---  
Sleep vanish'd---and I 'woke to ponder.--Oh!  
What may Heaven's wonders be, if such the  
sight  
It yields us, even in slumber?

From the same.

## SONNET.

I SEEK the fields, the woods, and gentle  
streams,  
In hopes to pass some calm refreshing hours;  
But, ah! how weak are all my idle dreams,  
Love, love alone, my bleeding heart devours.  
Or if mine eye a glance of pleasure shew  
On some sweet object---hill or circling plain,  
Quick comes the thought that causes all my woe,  
My spirits sink, and I am sad again.  
For since that beauteous and all-lovely Fair  
Hath from these arms by saddest fate been  
torn,  
Her dear rememb'rance is my only care,  
And for her sake alone I weep and mourn!  
But vain are tears by fondest friendship shed,  
Nor sighs or tears can animate the dead.

From the Literary Gazette, Jan. 17, 1818.

## FRAGMENT.

O H! I have seen the crested plumes wave  
high,  
Have seen the haughty banner lift its head;  
And I have watch'd the glance from Beauty's  
eye,  
That round the warrior's brow a glory shed,---  
Beam'd for an instant, and then vanished,  
Like a bright flash of lightning from the sky,  
That o'er the darksome plain a radiance spread,  
And gilds th' expanse of Heav'n's blue canopy.  
My path was once as bright, but happiness has  
fled.

And I have heard the pealing organ swell  
Its choral anthem through the fretted aisle;  
Have heard the distant sound of convent bell  
Chime its last vesper through the lengthen'd  
pile,  
And my young heart hasthrobb'd with joy the  
while.  
And I have watch'd the moon-beam's latest ray,  
That decks the valleys with a parting smile,  
Then darts a lustre ere she fades away,  
To light the traveller's path along the deep  
defile.

And I have heard the tempest whistling round  
The ivied ruins of some ancient tower,  
Whose crumbling walls, now bending to the  
ground,

**H**ave shelter'd Innocence in ruthless hour,  
When the soft brow of Friendship 'gan to lour.  
**A**nd I have heard the foaming billows roar,  
And their rude waves have visited my bower,  
As tho' they sought to kiss the verdant shore  
Before the storm should burst with unrelenting power.

**A**nd I have seen the death-bed of the brave,  
And heard the hero breathe his latest sigh ;  
**H**ave seen fair Beauty bending o'er the grave,  
Telling her sorrows to each passer-by :  
**A**nd I have mark'd her softly beaming eye,  
Whose sadness spoke no language of despair,  
Turn'd with exulting hope towards the sky,  
As though they saw her bleeding lover there,  
Crown'd with a laurel wreath whose verdure cannot die.

Yes---scenes like these my youthful heart has known,  
When life was new, and Hope's fair star was bright ;  
**B**ut gaiety's light wing has never flown  
Since lov'd Olivia vanish'd from my sight,  
And left me bury'd in the shades of night.  
**N**o syren voice now greets my list'ning ear---  
No gentle hand supports my languid frame---  
No angel sweetness calms my madness here :  
The world to me is nought---alike its praise or blame.

**S**orrow has spread her sable pall for me,  
And Death has pierc'd me with his 'vengeful dart ;  
**B**ut I would hail the stroke that sets me free,  
And gives Olivia back my wounded heart,  
And bids us meet, aye, never more to part.  
But thoughts like these, for me, are idle dreams ;  
Yet welcome sleep, that gives my spirit peace,  
And sheds athwart my soul Hope's radiant beams,  
That for an instant shine, to bid my sorrows cease !

SYDNEY.

From the Literary Panorama, Feb. 1818.

#### THE WISH.

By the Author of "Evening Hours."\*

**O**H ! for a cot, in some lone glen,  
Or in the wild wood's shade ;  
Far from the unenvied sound of men,  
By maddening discord made.

**A**bubbling crystal brook should play  
Within the garden's bound ;  
**I**n soft meander glide away,  
Enlivening all around.

The mottled lark, when opening morn  
Stream'd on the mountain's brow,  
Swift darting upward from the corn,  
Should bid sweet music flow.

Methinks I hear the moving song !  
'Tis rapture makes him soar---  
**O**h warbler, breathe those wild notes long,  
The symphony run o'er !

At evening, when the cloak of night  
Veil'd the surrounding scene ;  
Save where the moon-beam's paly light  
With silver tipt the green,

Upon a spiral poplar high,  
The nightingale should raise  
His vesper tribute to the sky,  
And his Creator praise.

But ever let the goddess Health,  
My rosy guest, impart  
What dearer is than cankering wealth,  
A calm and quiet heart.

Then Spring, enwrapp'd in bloom should rear,  
For me the violet blue,  
And on the fragrant banks appear  
The trembling snow-drop too.

Summer, in floating ringlets drest,  
Should skip along the plain,  
And from her particolour'd vest  
Dislodge the yellow grain.

Teeming with clusters of the vine,  
His head with tendrils bound,  
Rich Autumn should in purple shine,  
And mid his fruit be found.

Nor shall the hoary Winter fail,  
His aged gifts to bring ;  
E'en though his looks are lean and pale,  
He's parent of the Spring.

So let my life run gently on ;  
Unseen may I decay,  
And not a monumental stone  
Describe where low I lay.

But the long grass unnotic'd wave,  
The winds their music bring  
In mournful mood, and round my grave,  
The dirge-like requiem sing.

And yet, oh let the silent tear,  
Affection's tribute, fall !  
May friendly hands support my bier,  
Nor strangers weave my pall !

And from some tender virgin breast,  
Let the soft sigh declare  
At least one passion stood confess,  
And let her speak it there.

\* See Ath. Vol. II. p. 434.

[The following article, in the Edinburgh Annual Register just published, will be considered as a further disavowal on the part of Mr. Walter Scott of his being the Author of Waverly, &c.]

### DIRGE OF A HIGHLAND CHIEF.

*Executed after the Rebellion.*

A literary friend of ours received these verses, with a letter of the following tenor :---

"A very ingenious young friend of mine has just sent me the enclosed on reading Waverly---To you, the world gives that charming work; and if in any future edition you should like to insert the Dirge of the Highland Chief, you would do honour to

"Your sincere Admirer."

The individual to whom this obliging letter was addressed, having no claim to the honour which is there done him, does not possess the means of publishing the verses in the popular novel alluded to. But, that the public may sustain no loss, and that the ingenious author of Waverly may be aware of the honour intended him, our correspondent has ventured to send the verses to our Register.

**S**ON of the mighty and the free !  
Lov'd leader of the faithful brave !  
Was it for high-rank'd chief like thee,  
To fill a nameless grave ?  
Oh, had'st thou slumber'd with the slain,  
Had glory's death-bed been thy lot,  
E'en though on red Culloden's plain,  
We then had mourn'd thee not !

But darkly closed thy morn of fame,  
That morn whose sunbeam rose so fair,  
Revenge alone may breathe thy name,  
The watchword of despair !  
Yet oh ! if gallant spirit's power  
Has e'er ennobled death like thine,  
Then glory mark'd thy parting hour,  
Last of a mighty line !

O'er thy own bowers the sunshine falls,  
But cannot cheer their lonely gloom,  
Those beams, that gild thy native walls,  
Are sleeping on thy tomb.  
Spring on thy mountains laughs the while,  
The green woods wave in vernal air,  
But the lov'd scenes may vainly smile,  
Not e'en thy dust is there !

On thy blue hills no bugle sound  
Is mingling with the torrent's roar,  
Unmark'd the red deer sport around,  
Thou lead'st the chase no more.  
Thy gates are closed, thy halls are still,  
Those halls where swell'd the choral strain,  
They hear the wild winds murmuring shrill,  
And all is hush'd again.

Thy bard his pealing harp has broke,  
His fire, his joy of song is past ;  
One lay to mourn thy fate he woke,  
His saddest and his last :

No other theme to him was dear,  
Than lofty deeds of thine ;  
Hush'd be the strain thou can't not hear,  
Last of a mighty line !

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

### THE HORSES OF LYSIPPUS.

[Commonly called "the Venetian Horses."]

**S**UNK is the sun of Greece---but midst the gloom  
Some rays of glory linger round her tomb---  
Not yet consign'd to unregarded dust,  
Still glows the magic of the breathing bust ;  
And still display'd in animated stone,  
Lives the stern patriot's smile----the hero's frown---  
Nor less, Lysippus, into fancied speed,  
Kindling with ardour, springs each matchless steed.

Yes, mighty Sculptor ! though around thy grave  
The chafing storms of countless ages rave,  
Still, with the fire of well-feign'd Nature rise  
The Sun's proud coursers start to mimic life ;  
Still each curv'd neck impatient spurns the rein,  
While spirit struggles through each lifeless vein ;  
Glowing with life's warm energies they stand,  
A proud memorial of thy Phidian hand.

What varied grace arrests and charms the eye,  
The faultless form of perfect symmetry ;  
The lightning living in each fiery glance---  
The mien where boldness vies with elegance---  
The nostril wide, that drinks the morning breeze---  
The quiv'ring ear, and mane's long-braided tress :  
These, rich hair'd God of Splendour, these declare

The curbliss coursers of thy winged car.\*  
Time speeds----but ages o'er each heavenly form  
Shed but a hue with mellower lustre warm.  
Beanteous they tread, as when in gesture proud  
They grac'd at once a tyrant and a god ;  
E'en Conquest paus'd† amidst her murd'rous ire,  
And dropt the sword, to gaze, and to admire.  
Lo, borne on Vict'ry's crimson'd wings they come,  
To grace the Christian patriot's holy tomb,‡  
Types of those viewless steeds that whirl'd on high  
His car of glory to th' exulting sky.

Sad rose that morn, when o'er the Adrian tide,  
The warrior eagle wav'd his wing of pride ;

\* They were harnessed by Nero to the Chariot of the Sun.

† At the taking of Constantinople.

‡ Church of St. Mark at Venice.

Though peace, in seeming, tranquillized his  
gaze,  
Yet treach'ry lurk'd in friendship's feign'd  
embrace.\*

With many a ling'ring look of silent pain,  
Meek child of Heaven, they quit thy holy fane,  
To swell the lust of conquest, and record  
The lawless triumphs of a despot's sword,

\* Invasion of the Venetian States by the French.

And grace, where Seine rolls her polluted tide,  
No saint, no martyr, but a homicide.

But list--that shout from subject Gallia's shore,  
Tells that the scepter'd Murderer's sway is o'er,  
Venice, exult! condemn'd no more to roam,  
They spring exulting to their well-known home--

And oh! may Freedom's hallowing light be  
shed,  
A guardian halo o'er each deathless head.

## LONDON INTELLIGENCE.

NEW WORKS PUBLISHED FEB. 1, 1818.

**T**HE fourth and last Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; by Lord Byron.

The Dragon Knight: a poem, in twelve Cantos; by Sir J. B. Burgess, bart.

Foliage, or Poems, original and translated, by Leigh Hunt.

Revolt of Islam: a poem, in twelve cantos; by P. B. Shelley.

Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude; by the same.

Poetical Remains and Memoirs of John Leyden.

Rhododaphne, or the Thessalian Spell; a poem.

De Vaux, or the Heir of Gilsland; a poem. By Robert Carlyle.

An Ode to the Memory of the Princess Charlotte; by James Edmeston, author of "the Search," and other poems.

The Dramatic Works of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan; by T. Moore, esq.

Retribution, or the Chieftain's Daughter; a tragedy, in five acts; by John Dillon.

An Account of the Captivity of Captain Robert Knox, and other Englishmen, in the island of Ceylon.

The Ladies' Encyclopædia.

### NOVELS.

Northanger Abbey; a romance.

Persuasion; by the author of Pride and Prejudice. 4 vols.

Tales of my Landlady. 3 vols.

Sir James the Ross: a border story.

Dunsany: a Irish story. 2 vols.

Northern Irish Tales, founded on facts. 2 vols.

The Actress of the Present Day, an interesting novel. 3 vols.

Frankenstein. 3 vols.

The Rev. J. C. LATROBE is preparing a narrative of his late Tour in South Africa, together with some Account of the State of the Missions of the United Brethren in that interesting country. The work will be comprised in one quarto volume embellished with coloured engravings.

Mr. PERCY proposes to publish by subscription *Cawood Castle, and other Poems.*

Remarks, Moral, Practical, and Facetious, on various interesting Subjects. Selected from

the writings of the late Wm. Hatton, Esq. of Birmingham, is just published.

Mrs. PECK is about to give to the public a National Tale, founded on some extraordinary facts in the History of Ireland, during the seventh century.

J. W. Lake, Esq. is preparing for the press a volume of Poetry.

A New Biographical Magazine is about to be commenced in monthly numbers, containing Portraits with Lives and Characters of Eminent and Ingenious Persons of every age and nation. Each number will contain eight highly finished Portraits from the most esteemed likenesses, engraved in his best style by HOLL, with the Lives and Characters written by Mr. HARRISON.

Mr. JOHN OVERTON will speedily publish *Strictures on Dr. Chalmers's Discourses on Astronomy, shewing that his astronomical and theological views are irreconcileable with each other.*

Sir EGERTON BRYDGES has nearly ready for publication a novel entitled: *The Hall of Helingley, or the Discovery.*

Mr. S. P. THOMPSON, of Liverpool, is printing a descriptive poem entitled: *Birkenhead Priory.*

Mr. EDWARD DANIEL has in the press, *The Gaol*, a collection of original poems.

Prince MAXIMILIAN of NEUWIED, whose Travels in Brasil we have noticed in former numbers, returned to Neuwied in August last, where the whole of the collections in natural history made by him previously arrived. He is now engaged in preparing an account of his travels for the press. The work will be embellished with upwards of 200 engravings, representing subjects in natural history, local scenery, and the inhabitants.

Government with a laudable desire to promote the interests of science, is equipping four vessels for the purpose of exploring the Greenland seas, which, according to the reports of persons employed in the fishery, were never known to be so free from ice as in the last season. Two of these vessels, under the command of Capt. BUCHAN, late of the Pike sloop of war, just returned from Newfoundland, will endeavour to penetrate to the north pole, while the other, under Capt. Ross, will proceed up Davis's Straits, the extent or termination of which is still utterly unknown. The ships are to be ready for sea by the beginning of March.

In the press, *Zelix Alburez: or Manners in Spain, interspersed with poetry:* by ALEX. C. DALLAS, esq.

**Baron von SACK**, whose voyage to Surinam was printed some years since, is about making a scientific tour in Egypt, accompanied by Mr. William Müller, whom the Academy of Berlin have charged with various commissions for that country.

**Mr. PETER COXE**'s long expected poem entitled *The Social Day*, will appear in the spring. It will be embellished with 28 engravings by Messrs. Bond, Bragg, Burnet, Byrne, Engelheart, Finden, Landseer, Middiman, Moses, Scott, Scriven, and C. Warren, from designs presented to the author as tributes of respect by some of the most eminent artists of the metropolis.

**Capt. BLAQUIERE** is preparing a translation of *Signor Nananti's Narrative of a Voyage to Barbary and Residence at Algiers*. The author had resided many years in England and was returning to Naples when the ship which conveyed him was taken by a corsair and carried to Algiers. Though he was immediately restored to liberty, through the intercession of the British consul, yet he lost all he had with him, including the literary collection of his whole life.

**Dr. ADAM NEALE** has in the press, *Travels through Germany, Poland, Moldavia, and Turkey*, in a quarto volume illustrated with eleven engravings.

**NATURAL ROADS.**—In the Royal Society of Edinburgh, a paper was read by Mr. Dick, on the appearances call the "Parallel Roads" in Glenroy, in the shire of Inverness. This glen extends about eight or nine miles from N.E. to S.W. and consists of six or seven distinct vistas or reaches, produced by the projections and bending of the hills. It is very narrow, and the river Roy runs along its bottom. On the sloping sides of the hills on each side are seen what have been called the Parallel Roads,—a series of shelves receding one above another, through the whole extent of the glen. Each shelf preserves a horizontal position throughout the length of the glen. In number, height, and position, they are similar on the opposite sides of the glen.

These shelves, which some have supposed to be artificial, Mr. Dick shows, very satisfactorily, must have been produced by the action of the surface of a vast lake, which must have filled the valley, but undergone a series of successive subsidences, by the bursting out of its waters, corresponding to the number of "roads" now visible. He has, he thinks, ascertained the point in the glen through which the waters rushed when the lake subsided to the second level.

Mr. Dick supports his theory by observations made on the margins of deep lakes in the Highlands, and by an analogous road or shelf, which surrounds a valley above the town of Subiaco, forty-six miles east from Rome and which is known to have been once on a level with the waters of the lake, by the ruins of the baths of Nero, and of the aqueduct by which Appius Claudius conveyed water from this lake to Rome, though the lake is now much lower.

The following is given as fact in a late Manchester Chronicle:—Early potatoes may be produced in great quantities by resetting the plants, after taking off the ripe and large ones. A gentleman at Dumfries has re-planted them six different times this season, without any additional manure; and instead of falling off in quantity, he gets a larger crop of ripe ones

at every raising, than the former ones. His plants have still on them three distinct crops, and he supposes they may still continue to vegetate and germinate until they are stopped by the frost. By this means he has a new crop every eight days, and has had so for six weeks past.

**Mr. SEWELL**, assistant professor at the Veterinary College, has discovered a mode of curing a chronic lameness to which hunters, chargers, and other valuable horses are liable, after any considerable exertion. It consists in dividing the nervous trunk, and extirpating a portion of it, where it enters the foot behind the pastern joint.

**Mr. George Sinclair**, gardener to the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey, states, that the larvæ of the *phalaenæ tortrices*, or grubs, are often the cause of blight in fruit-trees. Two orchards at Woburn were annually more or less subject to the ravages of those insects till the following expedient was adopted.—Immediately after the fall of the leaves a wagon load of lime was placed in the orchard and suffered to stake by the weather. Advantage was then taken of the morning dews to powder every part of the surface of the trees with the lime while in its most caustic state. This process has been annually repeated with such success, that since its first adoption there has been but one partial attack of the insects; and this is attributed to the lime used that season having lost much of its causticity before it was applied, and to a heavy fall of rain immediately after the liming. It is essential that the algæ be removed from the trees previously to the application of the lime, as they not only do injury by closing the pores of the bark, but also form the principal nests where the eggs of the insects are deposited during winter. When these parasitical plants are once displaced, they never recover themselves if the liming be annually repeated. Seventy bushels of lime properly applied will be sufficient for an orchard of five acres completely stocked with full grown trees.

**Dr. Clarke**, of Cambridge, has made a curious addition to our knowledge respecting wood tin. When exposed to the action of his powerful blow-pipe, it fuses completely, and acquires a colour nearly similar to that of plumbago, with a very strong metallic lustre. It is very hard, brittle, and easily reducible to a fine powder, not at all affected by nitric acid, muriatic acid, and nitro-muriatic acid, even when assisted by heat. Hence it must still continue in the state of an oxide. From this experiment it may be inferred, with considerable confidence, that the assertion of Dr. Hutton and his followers, that all granite has been in a state of igneous fusion is erroneous, and that, on the contrary, the granite in which the ores of tin occur has never been in that state.

**Mr. Wm. Cole** is printing *Conversations on Algebra*; being an introduction to the first principles of that science.

**The Rev. T. R. ENGLAND** has in the press, Letters from Abbé Edgeworth to his friends, written between 1777 and 1807, with memoirs of his life.

**Mr. ROBERT BLOOMFIELD** is engaged in a descriptive poem of the splendid mansion and that enchanting spot, Southill, near Bedford, the seat of the late Mr. Whitbread.

**Mr. JAMES HAKEWELL** announces a Picturesque Tour of Italy; in illustration of, and

reference to, the celebrated works of Addison, Eustace, and Forsyth. The first number will appear early in the spring.

#### COMPLETING PRESS.

From the *Literary Gazette*, January, 1818.

In our last Number, we mentioned that the *Literary Gazette* was the only Journal in the world printed by this admirable Machine; and as a matter of extraordinary mechanical interest we subjoin a brief account of the process by which about a thousand of these large sheets are *per hour* produced by this magical invention. The beauty of the movements, their rapidity, their precision, are enhanced to the imagination by the nature of the operation they perform: it looks as if *mind* and not *matter* were at work. We see a boy lay a white sheet of paper upon the web (here described,) and while we tell *three* it is received by another boy, as flour comes from the mill, a perfect newspaper, printed on *both sides*, with a degree of unequalled force, clearness, and correctness. A more gratifying scene than the action of this piece of mechanism, it is impossible to conceive: it seems the very climax of human ingenuity, and if ever a thing of the kind merited public admiration and acknowledgement, we hesitate not to say that it is this wonderful apparatus. Printed in the house where SAMUEL JOHNSON lived and died, by a Machine as curious and unique as his endowments were stupendous and unrivalled; the *Literary Gazette* now presents at least two incidental attractions, in addition to those which have been already honoured with such cheering encouragement.

We beg to request the notice of our readers to our page as a specimen of the art of printing by the singular means devised and perfected as is below explained.

About ten years ago Mr. Bensley was applied to by Mr. Konig, a Saxon, who submitted to him proposals for joining him in the prosecution of a plan for improving the common printing press, which consisted chiefly in moving the press by machinery, by which the labour of one man might be saved. A press was formed on this plan; but the result was so unsatisfactory as to induce the rejection of it altogether. It will readily be conceived that this resolution was not taken till after numberless experiments had rendered the prospect hopeless. The idea of cylindrical impression now presented itself, which had been attempted by others without success; and a machine on this construction was completed, after encountering great difficulties, at the close of the year 1812. It may be proper here to introduce an outline of its operation.

The *form* (*i. e.* the composed types) is placed on a carriage or coffin, which is constantly passing under the inking cylinders, obtaining a coat of ink in its ingress and egress; these cylinders have a lateral and rotatory motion, for the purpose of equalizing the ink before it is communicated to the *form*. After the *form* is thoroughly inked, it passes under the printing cylinder, on which the paper is laid, where it receives the impression, and thence delivers itself into the hands of the boy who waits to receive it. This is termed a single Machine; by the assistance of two boys it prints 750 sheets on one side per hour. As despatch, however, is of the utmost importance to a newspaper, it was deemed advisable to construct what is called a Double Machine. This differs in no respect from that above describ-

ed, excepting the addition of a second printing cylinder, by which means, with the assistance of four boys, 1100 sheets are printed within the hour on *one side*. The Machines used for printing the *Times* newspaper are on this plan, and have now been constantly in use since November 1814. After the *Times*' Machines were constructed, the grand improvement of the *Completing Machine* was suggested, so called from its delivering the sheet printed on *both sides*. It has a double inking and printing apparatus, with two carriages or coffins, each large enough to admit a *double demy form* 34½ by 21 inches. The paper is laid on an endless web, called the feeder, which revolves at intervals; thence the sheet passes into the Machine, and is ejected in a few seconds printed on *both sides*. By this means 900 sheets are struck off in an hour, printed on both sides, or 1800 impressions; if the double sized paper be used, 3600 impressions. Two boys and an overseer are all the assistance requisite, and a steam engine of one-horse power is sufficient force to impel it.

The Patentees must feel a just pride in the completion of such an arduous undertaking, after so many years of labour and expense; and it is not the least gratifying circumstance attending it, to consider that in England so important an invention has been matured, which had been previously rejected by all the principal cities on the continent; for the inventor (Mr. Konig) spent not less than two years in seeking patronage in Germany and Russia, till at length to use his own words, he was "compelled to seek refuge in England, the only country where mechanical inventions are duly rewarded."

[*The Literary Gazette* contains 16 pages, quarto size. It may be seen at the Atheneum Office.]

#### FINE ARTS IN LONDON.

From the *Monthly Magazine*, February, 1818.

If any doubt existed, that success in the fine arts depends on no natural contingencies of climate, we might quote the excellency, and perhaps the actual superiority, of the British school, in every department of art in which native genius has been duly called forth. There can, we presume, be at this time no doubt but that Patronage is the basis of all successful exertions of genius; and that it was Pericles who produced a Phidias and a Praxiteles,—just as Napoleon produced a Canova and a David. Similar patronage of the merchants and nobility of Britain has, in like manner, engendered a WEST, a LAWRENCE, a WILKIE, a TURNER, and a CHANTREY; and produced a host of other artists, such as no country could ever boast. Thus it appears, from a list of each class inserted in the seventh and last number of the *Annals of the Fine Arts*, that modern Patronage has created in England not less than NINE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE professional artists of various descriptions, resident in and near the metropolis. Of whom there are—

532 Painters.

45 Sculptors.

149 Architects.

93 Engravers in Line.

38 in mixed styles.

19 in Mezzotinto.

33 in Aquatinta.

22 on Wood.

And, what deserves to be especially noticed, among the painters there are no less than forty-three ladies!